

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## POETRY.

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## OLIVIA AND DICK PRIMROSE.

A RUSTIC maiden, delicately fair,  
With sweet mute lips and eyes serene and mild,  
That look straight sunward, while with gentle air

Clings to her side a little loving child,  
Linking a chain of daisies ; this is all,  
And yet methinks old memories bestir  
At sight of this maid-lily, fair and tall,  
Sweet as the rose the dainty hands of her  
Enclose in careless chains and happy thrall.

I see the gentle vicar, old and kind,  
The good house-mother quick to blame and praise,

All the quaint story rises to my mind,  
The meadow bank that bloomed with flowering days :

And in the hay-field, now I seem to see  
Olivia stand with happy downcast eyes,  
Singing with simple girlish minstrelsy ;  
While o'er the ethereal blue of summer skies  
Long feathery lines of cloud float restfully.

He sang of happy home, who home had none,  
Of sweet hearth joys whose way was lone and bleak,

And oft his voice rang out with truest tone  
When wintry winds froze tears upon his cheek.

A deathless fount of joy was ever springing  
From out his bright child-nature pure and sweet,  
Soft comforting and surest healing bringing ;  
And when earth's sharpest thorns pierced his feet

His way was gladdened with his inward singing.

Tinsley's Magazine. KATHARINE TYNAN.

## A CHRISTMAS-DAY MEMORY.

THE dawn came stealing over the hill,  
The winds were silent, the earth was still ;  
Deep in the woodland, russet and bare,  
The violet breathed on the winter air ;  
Last summer's leaves lay withered and wet  
In mossy paths where the branches met ;  
And on the top of the beech-tree brown,  
The frost was weaving a silver crown  
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Small birds woke up under cottage eaves,  
In nests sunk deep in the ivy leaves ;  
As through the lattice the slow light crept  
A sleeper awakened, and smiled, and wept,  
For God was kind, and the gift he brought  
With prayer and sorrow had long been sought ;  
The prayer was answered, the sorrow past,  
A new life dawned for that soul at last  
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Solemn and still in the early day,  
Down in the valley the churchyard lay ;  
Over the sods of a grave, new-made,  
The pallid rays of the dawning strayed ;

A saint was sleeping beneath the mould,  
For God was kind, and the world was cold ;  
The prayer was answered, the labor done,  
Bright was the life of that happy one  
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Sunday Magazine.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

## SEPTEMBER WOODS.

THE days of the warm bright year are numbered ;

Clouds come coldly over the sea ;  
With a browner tinge the woods are umbered,  
And slips of sunshine yellowly  
Lie on the leaves and sere grass under  
Every tree.

At noon the fading sun renews  
The beauty of the forest avenues ;  
Flying smiles  
Light up their solemn aisles ;  
And sunset through their gates of withered gold  
Is still a wonder  
And glory to behold :

And sweet as sad is now their sighing sleep,  
O'er which rise the stars from the dark deep—

Oft making in the wind some leaves to weep  
For beauties that fall with them to the mould ;  
For warm bright hours of summer weather,  
Passed in loving whispers altogether,  
Not as now in the blue Northern cold.

Tinsley's Magazine.

T. C. IRWIN.

## THE ANCHOR.

THE rust is red upon its sides ;  
About it drifts the crumbling sand ;  
While noon and night the restless tides  
Murmur far down upon the strand.  
But never tide shall touch it more,  
Nor flying foam nor salt sea spray.  
There it has lain for many a day,  
Since the "Oscar," sailing across the bay,  
Went down in sight of shore.

O eager eyes that sought in vain  
To pierce the darkness of that night !  
O trembling hands that strove to gain  
The haven near, and failed outright !  
Some died with faces heavenward set,  
Some watching still for the nearer land ;  
This is their anchor that lies here yet,  
Half buried in the sand.

O Thou who in the days of old  
Didst walk by restless Galilee,  
Look, and in pity still behold  
The toilers on life's troubled sea,  
Lest our dim eyes should look in vain  
For stars in heaven, or lights on shore ;  
Lest in the darkness we should gain  
Our haven nevermore.

Sunday Magazine.

H. M. C.

From Temple Bar.

## WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS.

It has been the fashion to sneer at Wraxall. The omniscient Lord Macaulay, and the equally omniscient Mr. Croker, though differing with, and snarling at, each other on every imaginable subject, agreed in depreciating his "Memoirs." Macaulay was the most brilliant writer of his time, but not the most correct. Lord Melbourne, a man of great erudition and exquisite judgment, said of him, "I wish I were as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." Macaulay writes, "that he would not believe Wraxall's unsupported testimony even when he relates what he saw and heard." Certain great people, especially Macaulay's friend Lord Lansdowne, on account of the aspersions on Lord Shelburne, were violent against the book. At Holland House the character of Fox, as portrayed by Wraxall, gave great offence. Macaulay, in his abuse of Wraxall, was only supporting Whig traditions. Mr. Croker held a brief to write down Wraxall, and of course detected him in some mistakes about dates. Croker was great upon dates. If a certain occurrence was described by an unhappy author as having taken place on a Wednesday evening, and it was discovered that it really happened on a Thursday morning, Mr. Croker was down on the miserable culprit with his sledge-hammer. It was said of Mr. Croker, after his death, by a kind friend, "How he will squabble with the recording angel about the dates of his sins!" Then Lord Stanhope stigmatizes Wraxall as "garrulous and inexact," after coolly appropriating anecdotes with the slightest acknowledgment. Such an accusation on the part of Lord Stanhope shows an astounding want of self-knowledge. Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt" is far more "garrulous and inexact" than Wraxall's "Memoirs." Pitt, as described by Wraxall, is the true Pitt. Lord Stanhope's Pitt is an imaginary being. Lord Stanhope writes up Pitt not only as a great peace minister, which he was, but as a great war minister, which he was not. How could a man be a great war minister who sent Lord Chatham to the Admiralty,

and the Duke of York to put down the French Revolution? Pitt thought the war would be short on account of the financial difficulties of France. He was warned of his mistake by an eminent Frenchman, but he persisted in his opinion. "I should like to know," said a witty French abbé, "who was chancellor of the exchequer to Attila." We captured a great many islands, but the war was disastrous on the Continent, and there was such discontent at home that the Duchess of Gordon said that "the king would soon be in possession of every island in the world except Great Britain and Ireland." Lord Stanhope looks down upon Wraxall just as Dogberry did on Verges. "All men are not alike, alas! good neighbor." Yet let any impartial person compare the style of Wraxall with that of Lord Stanhope, and he must acknowledge the immeasurable superiority of the former. A great injustice has been done to Wraxall. A new trial must be granted. A new edition of his works has just been published by Mr. Bickers, and a new verdict must be given by a new generation of readers. We do not doubt the result. Then how finely Wraxall describes the stormy debates in the House of Commons! We almost fancy we are present at the scene, that we see the contending hosts drawn up in battle array. We seem to hear the clangor of the contest, to hear and appreciate the pleasantries and good sense of Lord North, the solid arguments, the classical allusions and rhapsodies of Burke, the wit and graceful oratory of Sheridan, the lofty eloquence of Pitt, the freezing sarcasm with which he tortured his opponents, and last, but not least, the weighty sentences of Fox, each, to use the fine simile of Grattan, rolling like a wave of the Atlantic three thousand miles long.

We begin our extracts from Wraxall with the character of the king.

Wraxall writes:—

It would indeed be difficult for history to produce an instance of any prince who has united and displayed on the throne, during near half a century, so many personal and private virtues. In the flower of youth, unmarried, endowed with a vigorous constitution,

and surrounded with temptations to pleasure or indulgence of every kind, when he succeeded to the crown, he never yielded to these seductions. Not less affectionately attached to the Queen than Charles I. was to his consort Henrietta Maria, he remained nevertheless altogether exempt from the uxoriousness which characterized his unfortunate predecessor, and which operated so fatally in the course of his reign.

The king's great conquest over himself was the abandonment of his intention to marry Lady Sarah Lennox, to whom he was at one time very much attached. He used frequently to ride by the grounds of Holland House, and Lady Sarah, as Thackeray wrote, "made hay at him" as he passed with great effect. He never forgot her. During the marriage service, when allusion was made to "Abraham and Sarah," the king was evidently troubled. There was a celebrated actress, Mrs. Pope, who resembled Lady Sarah. In after years, when the king was at the theatre, he muttered in the presence of the queen and princesses, "She is like Lady Sarah still."

Wraxall writes:—

He received during the course of his reign innumerable anonymous letters threatening his life, all of which he treated with uniform indifference. A nobleman, who, I lament, is now no more, and who during many years was frequently about his person, as well as much in his confidence, the late Earl of Sandwich, assured me that he had seen several of them, which His Majesty showed him, particularly when at Weymouth. While residing there during successive seasons he was warned, in the ambiguous manner already mentioned, not to ride out on particular days on certain roads if he valued his safety; but the King never failed to mount his horse, and to take the very road indicated in the letter. Speaking on the subject to that nobleman, he said: "I very well know that any man who chooses to sacrifice his own life may, whenever he pleases, take away mine, riding out, as I do continually, with a single equerry and a footman. I only hope that whoever may attempt it, will not do it in a barbarous or brutal manner." When we reflect on his conduct under these circumstances, as well as during the tumults of March, 1769, and the riots of June, 1780; and if we contrast it with the weak or pusillanimous deportment of Louis XVI. in July, 1789, when the French monarchy was virtually over-

turned; in October of the same year, at the time of his being carried prisoner from Versailles to Paris; or on the 10th of August, 1792, when he abandoned the Tuileries to seek refuge in the National Assembly,—we shall perceive the leading cause of the preservation of England, and of the destruction of France.

The king was not afraid of a mob. During the riots of 1768 he wrote to his minister, Lord Weymouth, "Bloodshed is not what I delight in; but it seems to me to be the only way of restoring obedience to the laws." London was undoubtedly saved from destruction by the courage of the king and his attorney-general, Wedderburn, when the Gordon rioters were burning and destroying with impunity. A council was called, but no minister would sign an order for the troops to act. Wedderburn was called in and gave his unhesitating opinion that the troops might act without waiting for forms. "Is that your declaration of the law as attorney-general?" said the king. Wedderburn answered in the affirmative. "Then so let it be done," rejoined his Majesty. Even then a great difficulty took place, for Wedderburn and his friend, Mr. Eden, found the commander-in-chief, Lord Amherst, afraid of the responsibility of ordering the troops to fire. His scruples, however, were overcome, and the riots were soon at an end. What a satire it is on so-called religious agitators, that the author of all these horrors, Lord George Gordon, died a few years afterwards in Newgate, a circumcised Jew! The king had naturally strong passions, but he ruled them with an iron will; he was perhaps too abstemious for his health.

Wraxall writes:—

The King seemed to have a tendency to become corpulent—if he had not expressed it by habitual and unremitting temperance. Conversing with William, Duke of Cumberland, his uncle, not long before that prince's death, in 1764, His Majesty observed, that it was with concern he remarked the Duke's augmenting corpulency. "I lament it not less, sir," replied he, "but it is constitutional; and I am much mistaken if your Majesty will not become as large as myself before you attain to my age." "It arises from your not using sufficient exercise," answered the King. "I use, neverthe-



less," said the Duke, "constant and severe exercise of every kind. But there is another effort requisite in order to express this tendency, which is much more difficult to practise, and without which no exercise, however violent, will suffice. I mean—great renunciation and temperance. Nothing else can prevent your Majesty from growing to my size." The King made little reply; but the Duke's words sunk deep, and produced a lasting impression on his mind. From that day he formed the resolution, as he assured Lord Mansfield, of checking his constitutional inclination to corpulency, by unremitting restraint upon his appetite: a determination which he carried into complete effect, in defiance of every temptation.

The character of Lord North as described by Wraxall is confirmed by all the memoirs of the time which have since been given to the world. He was a strange mixture of laziness and ambition; half asleep, half awake, he seemed to forget that the destinies of England were confided to his care. He was forced into the American war by the king and the people, for no war was so popular *at first*. He was utterly unfitted for a war minister. In Council he was always of the advice of the person who spoke last, and did not even act upon that. Wedderburn, his confidential adviser, endeavored in vain to make him act with more decision. A war minister ought to be terribly in earnest. Lord North was more than half-hearted in the cause. In his own home, Wraxall says, he was as lively and playful as a boy, yet never without dignity; diffusing gaiety and good-humor around him.

Wraxall writes:—

Even those who opposed the *Minister*, involuntarily loved the *Man*. I have had the honor to visit him at Bushey Park, to dine with him when no other stranger was present, and to participate of the scene that I here describe. As *Pope* asserts of Sir Robert Walpole, so may I on this subject say,—

Seen him I have, but in the social hour  
Of private converse, ill exchanged for power.

As a man, considered in every private relation, even in his very weaknesses, Lord North was most amiable. Under that point of view, his character will rise on a comparison with any First Minister of Great Britain who existed during the course of the eighteenth century;

not excepting Lord Godolphin, Mr. Pelham, or the Marquis of Rockingham. The two former individuals were justly accused of a passion for play, which accompanied them through life, a vice from which Lord North was wholly exempt. *Burnet*, who recounts the fact relative to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, says: "He loved gaming the most of any man of business I ever knew; and gave one reason for it—because it delivered him from the obligation to talk much."

Lord North was a great favorite in the House of Commons. Wraxall states that his natural affability rendered him so accessible, and the communicativeness of his temper inclined him so much to conversation, that every member of the House found a facility in becoming known to him. He had two defects: he was very blind and much inclined to sleep. He was frequently seen with his handkerchief over his face quietly taking a nap.

It can hardly obtain belief [says Wraxall] that in a full House of Commons he took off on the point of his sword the wig of Mr. Welbore Ellis, and carried it a considerable way across the floor, without ever suspecting or perceiving it. The fact happened in this manner: Mr. Ellis, who was then Treasurer of the Navy, and well advanced towards his seventieth year, always sat at the lowest corner of the Treasury Bench, a few feet removed from Lord North. The latter having occasion to go down the House, previously laid his hand on his sword, holding the chafe of the scabbard forward, nearly in a horizontal position. Mr. Ellis stooping at the same time that the First Minister rose, the point of the scabbard came exactly in contact with the Treasurer of the Navy's wig, which it completely took off and bore away. The accident, however ludicrous, was wholly unseen by Lord North, who received the first intimation of it from the involuntary bursts of laughter that it occasioned in every quarter of the House. Mr. Ellis, however, without altering a muscle of his countenance, and preserving the most perfect gravity in the midst of the general convulsion, having received back his wig, re-adjusted it to his head, and waited patiently till the House had recovered from the effect of so extraordinary, as well as ridiculous, an occurrence.

In private life Lord North was amiability itself. He had a stupid groom who was called by his daughters the "man

who puts papa in a passion," but he never thought of discharging him. His two daughters, Lady Glenbervie and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, inherited the qualities of their father. There is a letter of Lady Glenbervie's in the Auckland Correspondence describing the intrigue between Mrs. Fawcener and Lord John Townshend, which is as witty as any of Horace Walpole's. Once a discussion took place as to what word would be useful if one was limited to the use of one word. Most of the company were for "yes;" Lady Charlotte Lindsay declared for "no," because though yes never meant no, no very often meant yes. When the great reformer of our highways first commenced his operations, Lady Charlotte apologized for her late arrival at a dinner-party, saying she had been delayed by the "Macadamnable state of the roads."

Wraxall describes Lord North asleep in the gallery of the House:—

Lord North having seated himself by me, made various efforts to keep himself awake; but to accomplish it exceeded his power. As the discussion had already taken a very personal turn, severe sarcasms, as well as reproaches, being levelled from the Treasury Bench, against the unnatural Coalition just formed; particularly by Mr. Dundas, who stigmatized it with the strongest epithets of contumelious reprobation; he requested me to awaken him as often as any such expressions should be used by Ministers. I did so, many times; but, when he had listened for a few minutes, he as often involuntarily relapsed into repose. At the end of about an hour and a half, during the greater portion of which time he seemed scarcely sensible to any circumstance that passed, he began to rouse himself. By degrees he recovered his perception; and having heard from my mouth some of the most interesting or acrimonious passages that had taken place while he was asleep, he went down again into the body of the House, placed himself by Fox on the floor, and made one of the most able, brilliant, as well as entertaining speeches that I ever heard him pronounce within those walls. No man who listened to it could have imagined that he had lost a single sentence of the preceding debate, or that his faculties had been clouded by fatigue and want of rest.

A curious incident took place during Lord North's speech. A dog that had hidden under the table of the House of Commons ran directly across the floor, setting up at the same time a violent howl. Of course there were roars of laughter at this intervention of the member for Berkshire. But Lord North preserved all his gravity, and, addressing the chair, said, "Sir, I have been interrupted by a new

member, but as he has now concluded his argument, I will resume mine."

On one occasion in the House, Lord North completely lost his temper and stigmatized the speech of Colonel Barré, who had made a violent attack upon him, as "insolent and brutal." Of course Lord North had to apologize, but meeting Colonel Barré a few years afterwards he said to him, "Colonel, notwithstanding all that may have passed formerly in Parliament when we were on different sides, I am persuaded there are no two men in the kingdom who would now be more happy to see one another." They were both at that time totally deprived of sight, and led about by their attendants. This interview took place on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. Lord North delighted in the Pantiles, so did Lord Macaulay. How Macaulay, if he had lived to hear of it, would have stormed against the wisecracks of Tunbridge Wells, who have changed the name of the dear old Pantiles to that of the "Parade."

Wraxall's character of Fox seems very fairly drawn:—

Of his three sons, Lord Holland early perceived the extraordinary talents which Nature had conferred on the second; and in the fond anticipation of that son's future political elevation, exhausted on his education every effort which might expand or mature his opening capacity. But he adopted a vicious and dangerous principle in ordering that the boy should neither be contradicted nor punished, for almost any acts in his power to commit—of puerile misconduct or indiscretion. "Let nothing be done to break his spirit," said Lord Holland; "the world will effect that business soon enough."

Lord Holland's conduct seems to have been injudicious in the extreme; he is even said to have given the boy money to squander at the gambling-table. Faro was Fox's favorite game; his friend Hare laughs at his devotion to the king of Ægypt. He was a most unsuccessful gamester.

Fox was not one of those dupes who never understand the principles of any game. On the contrary, he played admirably both at whist and at piquet; with such skill indeed, that by the general admission of Brookes's Club, he might have made four thousand pounds a year, as they calculated, at those games, if he would have confined himself to playing them. But his misfortune arose from playing at games of chance, particularly at faro. After eating and drinking plentifully, he sat down to the faro table, and inevitably rose a loser. Once, indeed, and only once, he won about eight thousand pounds in the course

of a single evening. Part of the money he paid away to his creditors, and the remainder he lost again almost immediately in the same manner. The late Mr. Boothby, so well known during many years in the first walks of fashion and dissipation, himself an irreclaimable gamester, and an intimate friend of Fox, yet appreciated him with much severity, though with equal truth. "Charles," observed he, "is unquestionably a man of first-rate talents, but so deficient in judgment as never to have succeeded in any object during his whole life. He loved only three things—women, play, and politics. Yet at no period did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman. He lost his whole fortune at the gaming-table; and with the exception of about eleven months of his life, he has remained always in Opposition."

Fox's treatment of Rodney as described in these volumes must be admitted, even by his friends, to be a great stain on his character. Rodney had just gained the glorious battle of the twelfth of April, when he broke the French line and captured the French commander, the Count de Grasse, and his famous ship the "Ville de Paris." It was a battle which combined, as Lord Loughborough said, all "the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war." The sea was calm; it began with the rising sun, and continued to its going down. As Rodney was sailing into action he passed the French ship "Glorieux," lying a wreck on the waters, but with her colors still flying. "Now," said Rodney, "will be the contest for the body of Patroclus." It can hardly be credited that, through the influence of Fox, Rodney had been superseded in his command by a gambling admiral—Pigot—to whom Fox, it is said, was under considerable pecuniary liabilities. When the news of the victory arrived, the public feeling was entirely in favor of Rodney's keeping his command, but Pigot was sent off in a fast-sailing ship. The new administration took credit for the victory, and attributed it to Lord Keppel, the first lord of the admiralty, although the fleet had been sent out by the much abused Lord Sandwich. Lord North made an admirable allusion to this claim when he said, "I would say to the naval Alexander; True, you have conquered, but you have conquered with Philip's troops."

Sheridan once said that it would not be believed by posterity that Burke during his lifetime was not considered a first-rate speaker, not even a second-rate one. His accent, his wild rhapsodies, his screams of passion, weakened his influence in the House of Commons.

His enunciation [says Wraxall] was vehement, rapid, and never checked by any embarrassment; for his ideas outran his powers of utterance, and he drew from an exhaustless source. But his Irish accent, which was as strong as if he had never quitted the banks of the Shannon, diminished to the ear the enchanting effect of his eloquence on the mind. In brilliancy of wit, Lord North alone could compete with Burke; for Sheridan had not then appeared. Burke extracted all his images from classic authorities: a fact of which, among a hundred others, he displayed a beautiful exemplification, when he said of Wilkes, borne along in triumph by the mob, that he resembled Pindar elevated on the wings of poetical inspiration, —

Numerisque fertur  
Lege solutis,

a pun of admirable delicacy, and the closest application.

Burke's felicity of quotation was unvalued. Mr. Rogers was present at the last lecture delivered by Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Royal Academy. Sir Joshua concluded it by saying, with great emotion, "And I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo." As he descended from the rostrum Burke went up to him, took his hand and said:—

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed  
to hear.

Was there ever a more charming compliment paid to man!

Burke's speaking is well reported by Wraxall. What can be finer than his description of Pitt, who had to give way in his quarrel with the East India Company? Pitt was humiliated, and was stated by his enemies to be clothed in "sackcloth and ashes." On Pitt's retreat from his intended measure, Burke said, "Even when engaged in so humiliating an act, he performs it with an air of pride, he scatters his ashes with dignity and wears his sackcloth as if it were a robe of purple." This fine portrait, writes Wraxall, sketched with such ability, bore the closest resemblance to the original. There were some lines in the "Rolliad" alluding to Pitt's manner in the House, ending with—

In solemn dignity and sullen state,  
The new Octavius rises to debate.

The difficulties which his friends had with Burke, are thus described by Wraxall:—

Even his friends could not always induce him to listen to reason and remonstrance, though they sometimes held him down in his seat by the skirts of his coat, in order to prevent the ebullition of his violence or indignation. Gentle, mild, and amenable to argument in private society, of which he formed the delight and the ornament, he was often intemperate and reprehensibly personal in Parliament. Fox, however irritated, never forgot that he was a chief; Burke, in his most sublime flights, was only a partisan. The countenance of the latter, full of intellect, but destitute of softness, and which rarely relaxed into a smile, did not invite approach or conciliation. His enmities and prejudices, though they originated in principle as well as in conviction, yet became tinged with the virulent spirit of party; and were eventually in many instances inveterate, unjust, and insurmountable. Infinitely more respectable than Fox, he was nevertheless far less amiable. Exempt from his defects and irregularities, Burke wanted the suavity of Fox's manner, his amenity, and his placability. The one procured more admirers, the other possessed more friends.

We now turn to Wraxall's portrayal of the character of Pitt, the greatest orator that ever enchanted the House of Commons. Lord Campbell relates that when he was reporting Pitt's speech on the Peace of Amiens, Pitt made quotation from his favorite Virgil, and delivered it with such wonderful pathos that Lord Campbell could not hold his pen to write down what he said. It must have been something extraordinary to shake the iron nerves of plain John Campbell.

Pitt was the greatest peace minister England ever possessed, with the exception perhaps of Sir Robert Walpole. Walpole at last was forced into the Spanish war by the clamor of the people, just as Pitt was thrust into the war with France. Pitt had not only been successful at home, but he had deprived France of her ascendancy in Hoiland, and defeated Spain in her attack on Nootka Sound, and these victories were gained by diplomatic means. He was not so successful in his attempt to make the empress Catherine restore Oczacow to the Turks. The empress stood to her guns, saying, "Dogs who bark, very seldom bite," and gained her end.

Pitt, it is said, was wedded to his country. Wraxall relates that it was reported he admired a daughter of Lord Auckland, but that he abandoned his intention of marriage. This is the fact. Miss Eleanor Eden was very beautiful, as those who have seen her portrait can testify. Pitt paid her great attention, but suddenly

wrote to Lord Auckland that there were "insurmountable objections" to marriage on his part. A curious correspondence ensued. But Pitt still kept to the word "insurmountable." What this meant nobody can explain. It is singular that Pitt made the solemn speaker of the House of Commons his confidant in this affair, surely as improper a person to impart a love-tale to as Cato.

Wraxall writes, after hearing Mr. Pitt's first speech:—

All then beheld in him at once a future Minister, and the Opposition, overjoyed at such an accession of strength, vied with each other in their encomiums, as well as in their predictions of his certain elevation. Burke exclaimed that, "he was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself." Nor did Fox do less justice to the talents of this new competitor for power, popularity, and employment. Having carried him to Brookes's Club, a few days afterwards, Pitt was elected a member of that society; which then comprehended almost all the men of rank and great talents throughout the kingdom, who were engaged in Parliamentary opposition to Ministers. It is a fact, that Pitt remained during several years a member of Brookes's;\* but he rarely if ever appeared there after he came into office. So nice was his tact, so deep his penetration, and in so different a mould was he cast from Fox, that even on his first reception in St. James's Street, though it was of the most flattering description, he was not dazzled nor won by it. Fox himself soon perceived the coldness of his new ally, for whom play had no attractions, and who beheld a faro table without emotion; though neither he nor Burke were probably aware of the profound and regulated, but soaring ambition, which animated him to aspire, without passing through any intermediate stage, to occupy the first employments of the State.

Pitt speedily gained the object of his ambition. At the death of Lord Rockingham the secession of Fox and his friends left Lord Shelburne, the prime minister appointed by the king, in a situation of great difficulty. The "school-boy" Pitt was appointed chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. This took place in July, 1782. When Parliament met in the winter, the celebrated coalition was formed to drive Lord Shelburne out of office. On the first night of the great debate, when the ministry was defeated by a majority of sixteen, Pitt's speech was considered a failure even by Mr. Pretyman, his former tutor. But on the second night, when

\* Pitt was a member of Brookes's at the time of his death.

Lord John Cavendish moved a censure on the government with respect to the terms of peace, Pitt spoke, to use an expression of Lord Townshend's on another occasion, "like an angel." He retaliated on Fox with the bitterest scorn.

Pitt spoke as follows :—

The triumphs of party, with which this self-appointed Minister seems so highly elate, shall never seduce *me* to any inconsistency which the busiest suspicion shall presume to glance at. *I* will never engage in political enmities without public cause. *I* will never forego such enmities without the public approbation; nor will *I* be questioned and cast off in the face of this House by one virtuous and dissatisfied friend. If [he added] this baneful alliance is not already formed; if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the banns.

Wraxall writes :—

Then reverting to the consequences which it might produce personally to himself, he professed his readiness to retire to a private station without regret. Alluding to so material an impending change in his own condition, he exclaimed :—

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et  
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,  
Transmutat incertos honores,  
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.  
Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit  
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit.\*

With a presence of mind which never forsook him, he here paused; and conscious that the words of the Roman poet immediately following, "*Et meâ virtute me involvo*," might seem to imply a higher idea of his own merit or disinterestedness than it would become him to avow, he cast his eyes on the floor. A moment or two of silence elapsed, while all attention was directed towards him from every quarter of the House. During this interval, he slowly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, passed it once or twice across his lips; and then recovering, as it were from his temporary embarrassment, he added with emphasis, striking his hand on the table,

Probramque  
Pauperiem sine dote quero.

Perhaps a more masterly and beautiful piece

\* The following is a spirited translation by Sir Theodore Martin of this inspired quotation :—

"Fortune, who with malicious glee  
Her merciless vocation plies,  
Benignly smiling now on me,  
Now on another, bids him rise,  
And in mere wantonness of whim  
Her favors shifts from me to him.  
  
I laud her, whilst by me she holds;  
But if she spread her pinions swift  
*I wrap me in my virtue's folds,*  
And yielding back her every gift  
Take refuge in the life so free  
Of bare but honest poverty."

of oratorical acting is not to be found in antiquity. Even if we suppose the whole passage to have been studied and prepared, yet the delicacy of the omission is not less admirable.

The ministry were defeated again and resigned. Mr. Pitt was offered the premiership, but he wisely refused. On the dismissal of the coalition from office, Mr. Pitt was appointed prime minister. How he fought the good fight against overwhelming odds, dissolved Parliament, and scattered his opponents to the winds, is well known to our readers. He continued for years the most popular of ministers, until the calamities of the war with France raised great discontent against him. We believe Pitt disliked war. To raise the finances of England to their former prosperity, to cultivate the arts of peace, was the object of his life. We cannot but think that he was forced into the war with France by the united voice of the king and the people. Alas! all wars are popular at first. When he resigned office in 1801, it was partly that Addington might make peace which he could not. On his resuming office, everything went wrong on the Continent. The coalition which he had formed against France ended in failure, and the battle of Austerlitz undoubtedly broke his mighty heart.

Wilberforce says Pitt was the wittiest man he ever knew, yet how few of his sayings are recorded! Once when arriving late at dinner, he apologized for the lateness of his arrival on the ground that he had to wait to hear Addington finish his speech, and "you know," he said, "that the doctor always travels with his own horses." On another occasion he went to visit his friend Plumer Ward at his villa near Moulsey; Pitt found fault with the dreariness of the situation, and asked him how he could live there. "It is a mere question of money," said Plumer Ward. "Well!" said Pitt, "and how much do they give you?"

Of his stately bearing the following anecdote is told.

Michael Angelo Taylor, walking with a friend, declared his intention of cutting Pitt. Just then Pitt came sailing down St. James's Street, nodded to Angelo Taylor's friend, but took no notice of little Michael. "There," said Michael Angelo, "you see I've cut him!" "I'm very glad you told me your intention," said his friend, "else I should have thought he cut you."

Wraxall writes of Sheridan :—

He possessed a ductility and versatility of



talents, which no public man in our time has equalled; and these intellectual endowments were sustained by a suavity of temper that seemed to set at defiance all attempts to ruffle or discompose it. Playing with his irritable or angry antagonist, Sheridan exposed him by sallies of wit, or attacked him with classic elegance of satire; performing this arduous task in the face of a crowded assembly, without losing for an instant either his presence of mind, his facility of expression, or his good humor. He wounded deepest, indeed, when he smiled; and convulsed his hearers with laughter while the object of his ridicule or animadversion was twisting under the lash.

Sheridan had various difficulties to struggle with, he was without distinguished birth, connections, or fortune, and it was by his unaided talent alone that he vanquished such obstacles.

At this period of his life, when he was not more than thirty-three years of age, his countenance and features had in them something peculiarly pleasing; indicative at once of intellect, humor, and gaiety. All these characteristics played about his lips when speaking, and operated with inconceivable attraction; for they anticipated, as it were, to the eye the effect produced by his oratory on the ear; thus opening for him a sure way to the heart, or the understanding. Even the tones of his voice, which were singularly mellifluous, aided the general effect of his eloquence; nor was it accompanied by Burke's unpleasant Irish accent. Pitt's enunciation was unquestionably more imposing, dignified and sonorous. Fox displayed more argument, as well as vehemence; Burke possessed more fancy and enthusiasm; but Sheridan won his way by a sort of fascination. At thirty-three, it might be said of his aspect, as Milton does of the fallen angel's form,—

His face had not yet lost  
All her original brightness.

The witty sayings attributed to Sheridan are innumerable. Perhaps one of the most amusing was, when rolling drunk in the gutter, his calling out to a passer-by, "Take me to Kensington; I am Mr. Wilberforce!" But there are two anecdotes told of him which are very suggestive at the present time. Sheridan, surveying a meeting like one of those that now sometimes assemble in Trafalgar Square, said: "I wonder what it is that these good people want. It can't be liberty; that they seem to have plenty of. I think it must be property; that they seem rather in want of." When asked what his principles were at an election, he invariably responded, "I am for universal suffrage, annual parliaments and oftener if needs be." "You can't beat," said Sheridan, "an oftener if needs be man." When we

shall be blessed or cursed with a large extension of suffrage, the "oftener if needs be" party will be masters of the situation.

It is related by Lord Holland that there never was so amusing a scene in the House of Commons as the dispute between Sheridan and Dundas respecting the meaning of the word *malheureux*. Dundas and Sheridan were totally ignorant of the French language. Lord Auckland had presented a demand to the States-General of Holland, that *ces malheureux*,\* the regicides, should be given up to the sword of the law. Sheridan moved a vote of censure on Lord Auckland. Dundas defended Lord Auckland on the ground that "*mollyroo*" only meant an "unfortunate gentleman"! Erskine also had no knowledge of French, and, when he went with a friend to France at the peace of Amiens, he sent out letters of invitation for a dinner, nobody came. "This is your confounded French, Erskine," said his companion. "Not a bit of it," said Erskine. "Isn't *Vendredi* Wednesday?"

Pitt seems to have disliked and dreaded Sheridan more than any other of his opponents. His sneers at him about his theatrical occupations had been answered by Sheridan with a crushing reply, comparing Pitt to the Angry Boy in Ben Jonson's "Alchymist." When Sheridan nobly came forward during the mutiny at the Nore to support the government, Pitt showed not the slightest signs of gratitude. Sheridan's career unfortunately closed in the darkest fashion. Drink and dissipation deprived him of his means of livelihood, and hurried him to his tomb.

This extraordinary man [writes Wraxall] as he approached the confines of old age, sunk with each successive year in general estimation. Admitting that his faculties remained perfect, as I believe they did, they nevertheless became overcast from the effects of intoxication, licentiousness and habits of dissipation. How different, we must own, was the tenor of Fox's life after the period of his retreat to St. Anne's Hill! Divided during many months of the year between rustic occupations, elegant literature, and the company of a few friends, Fox (a green apron frequently fastened round his waist) amused and employed himself in pruning or nailing up his own fruit-trees. But Fox outlived his vices; those of Sheridan accompanied him to the tomb.

George Selwyn, the great wit of the time, disliked Sheridan, whom he tried

\* These wretches.

to prevent being elected a member of Brookes's; but his chief witticisms were directed against Fox. When asked whether he had been to Tyburn to witness the execution of one "Charles Fox," "No," he answered, "I make a point of never attending rehearsals." He called Fox and Pitt the "idle and industrious apprentices." George Selwyn once had a dispute with Lord Weymouth, who maintained that "central" was the right word and not "central." Somebody came and told Selwyn that Fox had decided against him. Then, said Selwyn, "Carry him my compliments with the following authority from the 'Rape of the Lock':—

Umbriel, a *dusky*,\* melancholy sprite,  
As ever sullied the fair face of light,  
Down to the *central* earth, his proper scene,  
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen!"

When Pitt was assaulted in St. James's Street on his return from a banquet in the city, Fox was said to have been recognised amongst the rioters. Fox denied this, and said he had passed the night with Mrs. Armstead, who was ready to swear to it. Selwyn thought this defence most suspicious, as criminals at the Old Bailey always pleaded an alibi, and brought up their concubines in support. When the prince had married Mrs. Fitzherbert and made Fox go down to the House of Commons to deny that such an occurrence had taken place, George Selwyn said he supposed the prince's instructions were conveyed in the language of Othello:—

Villain, be sure you prove my love a w—e.

Again when a subscription was raised for Fox, somebody said it was a delicate subject, and wondered how Fox would take it. "Why, *quarterly*, to be sure," said Selwyn. George Selwyn once went to confession at a Roman Catholic church, and revealed such revolting enormities that the horrified priest bolted out of his box into the street. Selwyn left the levée just as an ambitious gentleman from the country was about to be knighted. The king expressed his astonishment that he had not stayed to witness the ceremony, as it was so like an execution. "George heard of the joke, writes a friend, but did not like it; he is on that subject still very sore."

Lord Thurlow had been a prime mover in the overthrow of the coalition, when

the "janissaries of the bedchamber," in conjunction with Scotch lords and bishops, were called upon to vote against the king's own ministers. Still he hated Pitt and thwarted him whenever he saw his opportunity. Like the Turk, Lord Thurlow could not bear a brother near the throne. Once a friend, wishing to give a religious turn to his mind, read to him "Paradise Lost," when travelling with him on a Sunday. When the friend came to Lucifer's speech,—

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven,

Lord Thurlow exclaimed, "D—d fine fellow! I hope he'll win!" When a deputation of Dissenters waited upon him to ask for his support of their claims, Lord Thurlow said, "No, I support everything established, but if you get your d—d religion established, I will support that too." He not only opposed Pitt in the Council but in the House of Lords. On one occasion during the debate on the slave-trade, Lord Stanhope kept running to and fro, to get the orders of Pitt, who was standing under the throne. Lord Stanhope uttered some domineering expression; Lord Thurlow said that it reminded him of a passage in a pamphlet which stated that where the planter superintended his negroes all went well, but when they were turned over to the deputy slave-driver all went ill. A noble lord once began his speech with, "My lords, I ask myself this question." "Yes," muttered Thurlow, "and a d—d foolish answer you'll get." He had a violent quarrel with Mr. Pitt respecting the appointment of Pepper Arden, afterwards the first Lord Alvanley, to the mastership of the rolls. Pepper Arden was of a more Christian mind than Lord Thurlow, but quite as irascible. Once at family prayers, a servant had remained in his room and began a musical performance. Pepper started up and roared out, "Will nobody stop that fellow's d—d fiddling!"

In the autumn of 1788 the king went to Cheltenham on account of his health. He displayed some eccentricity of manner when staying there, as well as at Gloucester, where he went on a visit to Bishop Hurd. At Cheltenham he asked Lady Charlotte Leeson how she was getting on with her lover Mr. Latouche, whom she afterwards married. The king received a severe rebuff. "Pray," said Lady Charlotte, "what is that to you?" This and other peculiarities of the king were much remarked upon, but nobody had the slight-

\* Charles Fox had inherited the swarthy complexion of his ancestor Charles II.

est idea of the catastrophe which was approaching. The king returned to Windsor, and it was soon impossible to conceal from the nation that his mind had given way.

Parliament was called together, and a scene of party violence ensued unexampled in the history of England. Fox, advised by Lord Loughborough, proclaimed the right of the Prince of Wales to the regency during the eclipse of the king's mental life. Pitt in reply, denied the right, and went so far as to say that "the prince possessed no more right to assume the government than any other subject of the nation."

I have heard [said Lord Loughborough] of a most extraordinary assertion, boldly, arrogantly and presumptuously advanced elsewhere. It is, that "the heir-apparent to the throne, though of full age, has no more right to assume the government, while His Majesty's malady incapacitates him from reigning, than any other individual subject." If this doctrine is founded in law, the regency must be elective, not hereditary. Does not the law describe the Prince of Wales the same with the King? Is it not as much high treason to compass the death of the former as the latter, and does that penalty attach to compassing the death of any other subject?

Lord Loughborough was a great orator. He had led for the Hamiltons in the great Douglas case, and Fox thought his speech in the House of Lords on that subject the finest he ever heard. He was an admirable letter-writer, and by many was thought to be Junius. He was

a daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger when the waves ran high.

In the regency dispute he was unsuccessful, more on account of his client than his doctrine. The mass of the English people were not disposed to abandon the rule of the king for that of his profligate son; and they rallied round the throne and the great peace minister, "Billy Pitt," as they fondly called him, with wonderful unanimity.

The Prince of Wales, when freed from paternal rule, instantly fell into the society of panders and sycophants. Lord Malden, "Viscount Leporello," as Thackeray calls him, furthered the prince's intrigue with Perdita. The prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert and his denial of it caused great scandal; but it was his court at Brighton which most shocked the public mind. Mr. Storer, George Selwyn's friend, describes the scene. He

found the town filled with the gayest and prettiest women in England of a certain class. Lord Brudenell, noted for his austerity of deportment, had evidently changed his character.

Mr. Storer writes:—

It was curious to observe at the play-house the climax of immorality, from the lowest to the first ranged round the boxes. But nothing was so singular here as to see our friend Lord Brudenell in so new a point of view. He was living with all these fair nymphs, in the easiest manner. How far his virtue was in danger I will not pretend to say, but if Cato could not trust himself at Baia, I should say his Lordship runs some risk at Brighthelmston. He is now no longer called His Honor, but the familiar appellation of "Cockie" is substituted in its stead. It is said a great personage\* is prodigiously amused with this cognomen, which the keeper of his privy purse has acquired.

"The prince is still at Brighton," writes the Duke of Dorset, "and is driving the whole world away." If the prince lived in these virtuous times, the world would probably run after rather than away from him. Mr. Hatsell lifts up his hands with holy horror when he hears that the prince is driving about with Jack Day and Travis the Jew. Jews are seldom mentioned in the old memoirs without being sneered at. Fox called the anteroom where he met his creditors "Jerusalem Chamber." When one of the Foleys escaped to Boulogne, George Selwyn said, "This is a Passover that will not be relished by the Jews." Lord Alvanley, when asked to go to a masquerade as "Isaac of York," apologized for his refusal on the ground that he never could do a Jew. What an amusing but rather insolent letter there is given in the "Life of Lord Macaulay," describing a Goldsmid ball! Mr. Charles Greville at the same period seems to be rather astonished to meet old Rothschild and his dandy son at the Austrian ambassador's. Now all is happily changed, and the people of Israel are the chief ornaments of London society.

The prince, with his Roman Catholic wife, his mistresses, his jockeys, his prize-fighters, his practical jokers, and his Jew, was profoundly distrusted even by his friends. His first care was to gain the support of the Duke of York, the favorite son of the king. This was easily accomplished.

Wraxall writes:—

A promise of being placed at the head of

\* The prince.

the army, with all the appointments, power and patronage of a commander-in-chief, effectually gained him over to his elder brother's party. I have already spoken elsewhere of the Duke. He was at this time strongly attached to a lady of my particular acquaintance, the Countess of Tyrconnel. She was Lord Delaval's youngest daughter; feminine and delicate in her figure, very fair, with a profusion of light hair, in the tangles of which, like the tresses of Næra in "Lycidas," his royal highness was detained captive.

Lord Tyrconnel was furious, and nobody dared go near him lest he should toss them. The duke was so infatuated that he actually turned the Duchess of Gordon out of the supper-room at the Pantheon for having said something unpleasant to the object of his affections. Lord Tyrconnel, says Wraxall, contributed more than any nobleman about the court to the recreation of the reigning family; for his sister, Lady Almeria Carpenter, the mistress of the Duke of Gloucester, resided in Gloucester House, though the duchess, Horace Walpole's niece, still lived there.

"If we were together," writes Mr. William Grenville to his brother, "I could tell you some particulars of the prince's behavior to the king and the queen which would make your blood run cold." The Duke of York surpassed his brother in his ill-conduct, for he swore at the queen, and told her she was as mad as the king. Jack Payne, who was such a favorite that he leaned on the prince when he walked, not the prince on him, said something indecent about the queen one evening, when the Duchess of Gordon went up to him and said, "You little, insignificant, good-for-nothing, upstart, pert, chattering puppy! How dare you name your royal master's royal mother in that style?" The ladies' violence on this question was beyond example. The partisans of the prince wore regency caps, the cheapest of which cost seven guineas. The restrictions in the Regency Bill were objects of abhorrence to the prince's friends, who accused Mr. Pitt of trying to put a strait-waistcoat on the Prince of Wales.

A squib at this time appeared, which nobody, even at this time, can read without amusement. It purported to be written by Weltjee, the comptroller of the kitchen to the Prince of Wales. There was a vacancy in the borough of Aylesbury, and Colonel Lake, afterwards Lord Lake, the prince's master of the horse, was thought to be a candidate. "Tommy Onslow," afterwards Lord Onslow, was the author of this curious production.

Weltjee was a Westphalian, with a barbarous English accent, and his mode of writing was no doubt faithfully imitated.

The following is Weltjee's address:—

TO DE GENDELMEN, DE ABES, AND DE FRESHOLDERS OF DE COMTE OF AILSEERL

My frind Gerri Lake havin' offurd his sarvis's to reprepresent you in parlialiament, I presum to tak de friddom to recumind um to you, being my frind, and greate friend of my master de Prince. He is ver clever gendelmen, and kno de horses ver vell, how to bi for de Prince, and how to sel for himself. But if you tink him too poor, and send him to the divl, I beg to offer misel on his intrist, havin gob plenti of munny, in de honorable stasion I holds undur de Prince. I am naturalize Inglishman and Wig, and was introduce to de Wig:Club by Lord Stormant and Jak Payne. Mi public sentemints are dat I vil give you von good dinnurs and plenti of munny, if you vill lect me your represuntatative. My frinds and connexions are de Duk of Qinsbri, Lord Lodian, Lord Luffbro, Lord Malmsbri, Lord Clurmunt, Lord Cartrill, Sheridan, Gerri Lake, Jak:Payne, Geo. Hangre, Burke, Singel Spict Hambledon, Eglintown, Master Lee, Trevis de Gew, yong Gray, all de Conways, Henri Stanhup, Tarletun and Tom Stepni. My principles are God dam de King and de Quin, de Pitt and de Rustricsuns; and God bless de Prince and all his broders, and de Duk of Cumberland. I say agen and agen dat de Prince be our lawful suvring and not his fader.

I am, gendelmen,  
Your frind and servant,  
W. VELSHIE.

When Jack Payne was rejected at Brookes's, the prince formed a new club. Weltjee was appointed steward. Once a very bad character was put up, who was unanimously pilled; but two extra black balls were found which nobody could account for till Weltjee explained all by saying, "He so big blackguard I put in two mysel."

The prince in the opinion of others, as well as honest Weltjee, was the ruler of England, but his father stood in his way. Lady Byron said one day to her lord, "Am I in your way, Byron?" The answer was, "Damnably." The king was very much in the way of the Prince of Wales. Fathers are sometimes in the way of sons. We have heard a story of a dinner party, where a great number of deaths being mentioned, an elderly gentleman began to cry. On being asked the cause of his emotion the wretched unfortunate sobbed out, "Because everybody's father seems to die but mine."

The king, to the intense joy of his

subjects, was restored to health. Dr. Warren, the great Whig physician, had always said that the king could not recover, and this opinion turned many waverers to the prince's side. They were "be-Warrend," it was said. On the other hand, Dr. Willis, whom George Selwyn called the king's *ratcatcher*, always predicted the king's restoration to health. This opinion proved correct. At the first signs of convalescence Lord Thurlow, who had promised the prince his support, abandoned his meditated treason and made a speech in which he talked of the numerous favors bestowed on him by the king, "*which, whenever I forget, may God forget me!*" Wilkes's bitter retort on this speech is well known. "Forget you," said Wilkes, "he'll see you d—d first." Mr. Pitt turned to General Manners and said, "Oh, the rascal!" Great entertainments were given in honor of the king's restoration; even Brookes's Club, whose principal members had been showering their polished Billingsgate on the heads of the queen and Mr. Pitt, whose card-players at whist always said, "I play the lunatic," had to give a fête, which is described by Mr. Swinburne in his "Courts of Europe."

Mr. Swinburne writes:—

The opera-house was too small for the company. The boxes were hung with blue, buff and silver. The floor extremely dirty, but the *coup-d'ail* fine. People of both sides of the question were there. After waiting two hours, without music or anything going on, Mrs. Siddons, ridiculously dressed as Britannia, in red and blue, with a green helmet, shield and lance, declaimed a pitiful ode on the occasion, addressed to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, *who stood before her in coats of mail*. Lord Townshend, on being asked what he thought of the Prince's rich suit, said, "It was probably the coat belonging to his father's strait-waistcoat."

Mr. Charles Greville states that princes are the most miserable of mankind. Be that as it may, it must be admitted that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were the most miserable of mankind in receiving public congratulations on the recovery of a father whose mental life they had considered at an end.

The Prince of Wales's conduct during the illness of his father cannot be defended. Perhaps he had redeeming qualities; he is said to have performed innumerable acts of kindness in his life, he had good abilities, and on one occasion he completely put down the redoubtable Sydney Smith. In a note-book in our

possession the story is related on the authority of the brother of Lady Conyngham.

Sydney Smith was dining at Lord Holland's with the Regent, and in the course of conversation said that he supposed the *Regent Duke of Orleans* was the worst man who ever lived. "What," said the Regent, "do you think of the Abbé Dubois?" Smith never spoke another word. This was told me by Mr. Denison the member for Surrey.

The Duchess of Gordon, who took such a prominent part in the Regency question, was a great supporter of Mr. Pitt, as she called him. Politics and the marriage of her daughters to dukes were the chief objects of her life. She was utterly reckless in what she said or did, provided she gained her object. When Lord Cornwallis refused his consent to the marriage of his son Lord Brome with her daughter on account of the wildness in the Gordon blood, she went to him and solemnly declared there was not a *drop of Gordon blood in Louisa's body*. There was not a word of truth in this announcement. The marriage took place, and the duchess prided herself on the success of her *manœuvre*.

The Duchess of Rutland, formerly Lady Mary Somerset, was the most beautiful woman of her time. Wraxall gives a rather too rapturous account of her charms. The duke killed himself by his excesses when lord lieutenant of Ireland. Like Diane de Poitiers, the duchess retained her good looks to the last. Two years after her husband's death she again appeared in London society. A lady who saw her at the opera describes her looking as young and beautiful as an angel.

How they did drink in the good old days! The king once said to Sir John Irwin, the commander-in-chief in Ireland, "They tell me, Sir John, you like a glass of wine." "Those who have reported that fact," answered Sir John, bowing profoundly, "have done me great injustice; I like a bottle." Pitt and Dundas drank at one sitting seven bottles at an inn on the road to Walmer. The Duke of Rutland killed himself by drinking all night and then eating six or seven turkey's eggs for breakfast. Claret was the favorite drink in Ireland. A French traveller after incautiously refreshing himself with a tumbler of whiskey, cried out, "*Le vin du pays est diablement fort!*" So it is; but claret taken in moderation hurts no man. When another convivial lord lieutenant, the Duke of Richmond, who of course being a duke had married a daughter of



the Duchess of Gordon, was dining with Mr. Sneyd, the great wine merchant, Mr. Sneyd drank so much of his own claret that he tumbled under the table. Mr. Sneyd was lifted up and replaced in his chair, upon which somebody said, "I believe this is the first instance of a Protestant lord lieutenant being present at the elevation of the Host."

The Duchess of Devonshire was not so handsome as the Duchess of Rutland, but her charm of manner was irresistible. She was, Hugh Elliot said, "the goddess of good nature," and admired and beloved by every one who approached her; yet her life was not a happy one. She was an inveterate gambler and lost large sums at faro. We have been told by a friend who was at Harrow School when the duchess visited her son there, shortly before her death, that she had not even traces of good looks. Her hair was red, one eye was closed, and her whole appearance melancholy in the extreme. What a change! She was deeply in debt, but there have may been another cause for the fading away of her beauty, and her depression of spirits. There has always been a story circulating in society that the late Duke of Devonshire was not her son, but that he was the offspring of her rival, Lady Elizabeth Foster. This scandal has been recently revived in a publication by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, else we should not have alluded to it. We have always thought it idle talk. But in Mrs. Kemble's "Records of Girlhood," there is the following passage, omitted in the first edition. Talking of the duke's friendship with Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. Kemble writes, "The real history of the duke's social position was known no doubt to some, and surmised by many, but he himself told it to Mrs. Arkwright." Everybody can guess what this means.

The Duke of Devonshire after the duchess's death married Lady Elizabeth Foster, the daughter of the Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, and granddaughter of "Molly Lepell." Lady Elizabeth was far handsomer than the first duchess. Those who have seen her picture by Gainsborough, which was sold at Christie's for ten thousand pounds and afterwards disappeared, or her miniature by Romney, will have some idea of her charms. She had great influence over men. Gibbon went on his knees before her, and it is said Lady Elizabeth had to ring for a servant to put him on his legs again. The duke never entered into the dissipations of Devonshire House. He passed his

time chiefly at Brookes's playing whist and deciding disputes on classical subjects. He always supped there on boiled mackerel when it was in season, and when walking home at daybreak, a cobbler was generally sitting at his stall. They always saluted one another. "*Good-night, friend,*" said the duke. "*Good-morning, sir,*" said the cobbler.

George, the fourth Duke of Marlborough, the brother of Lady Diana Beauclerk, and Lady Pembroke to whom before his marriage the king had been much attached, was a great favorite of George III. Notwithstanding his high rank he was afflicted with an incurable shyness. He was a most accomplished card-player, and it will hardly be believed that one night he had such a wonderful hand when playing at *quinze*, that he threw it up and lost his money, because he dreaded the remarks of the lookers-on at his extraordinary luck. In the latter period of his life visitors at Blenheim were requested not to make him laugh, then he for a long time would not speak, but wrote his wishes on a slate, till somebody incautiously remarking that Madame de Staël was coming to Blenheim, the duke cried out in an agony, "Take me away." When the ministry of "All the Talents" was being formed, Lord Grenville got into a great scrape by appointing Lord Blandford to a small office. Of course no Duke of Marlborough was ever on speaking terms with a Marquis of Blandford, and the duke, or rather duchess who ruled her husband, insisted that another member of the Spencer family should be appointed.

There was no one at the court who was more respected than the Hon. Stephen Digby, vice-chamberlain to the queen—the charming "Mr. Fairly" of Madame d'Arblay's diaries. He paid great attention to that "learned lady," Miss Burney, to the evident surprise and displeasure of his royal mistress. Courtiers are not necessarily sycophants. Colonel Digby had his own ideas, and acted on them with the most perfect independence. He displayed great courage during the king's illness. When the king suddenly burst into the room where the princess and all the court were assembled, no one dared remove him. Sir George Baker, whose duty it was to act, lost his presence of mind and declined the task. Colonel Digby went up to the king and told him in a tone of respectful authority that he must go to bed, and took him by the arm and endeavored to lead him to his apartment. "I will not go!" cried the king.

"Who are you?" "I am Colonel Digby, sir," he answered. "Your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you; for you must come to bed, it is necessary for your life." So entirely was the king taken by surprise, that the Prince of Wales told the queen he allowed himself to be led to his bedchamber as passively as if he had been a child. To the great surprise and dissatisfaction of Miss Burney, Colonel Digby, then a widower, married Miss "Fusilier," whose real name was Gunning, the daughter of Sir Robert Gunning.

Major Price, equerry to the king, spoke his mind as freely as Colonel Digby once when walking with his Majesty in the grounds of Windsor Castle. The following dialogue took place: "I shall certainly," said the king, "order this tree to be cut down." "If it is cut down, your Majesty will have destroyed the finest tree about the castle." "Really it is surprising that people constantly oppose my wishes!" "Permit me to observe that if your Majesty will not allow people to speak, you will never hear the truth." "Well, Price, I believe you are right." This anecdote, we think, confers equal honor on the king and his equerry.

Another distinguished member of the court was the celebrated Duke of Queensberry, whose character is well delineated by Wraxall:—

If I were compelled to name the particular individual who had received from nature the keenest common sense of any person I ever knew, I should select the Duke of Queensberry. Unfortunately his sources of information—the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world—were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with favorable ideas of his own species. Information as acquired from books he always treated with contempt; and used to ask me what advantage, or solid benefit, I had ever derived from the knowledge that he supposed me to possess of history; a question which it was not easy for me satisfactorily to answer, either to him or to myself. Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman throughout the metropolis directed their aim. It is a fact, that when he lay dying in December, 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy: mostly, indeed, addressed to him by females of every description, and of every rank, from duchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unchast from his extenuated state to open or to peruse them, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired.

The duke had been a lord of the bed-chamber ever since the accession of the king, yet he deserted him in his hour of need. For once in his life he made a great mistake. The duke had gone down to Windsor to ascertain if there were any hopes of his Majesty's recovery, and was told by a friend of Wraxall's that there was great hope.

Wraxall writes:—

But Warren entered the apartment, and being informed of the object of the Duke's visit, led him to a window, where they held a long conversation in a subdued tone of voice. The result was that the Duke, fully persuaded of the desperate nature of the malady, determined to join and to vote with the Prince.

The duke was "be-Warrenred," and his house became the headquarters of the prince and his followers, and bumpers of champagne were drunk there to the success of the approaching regency. The possessor of the finest houses in England and Scotland, he would rather, said a friend of his, live in the dirtiest room of the dirtiest inn. When giving a dinner at his beautiful villa at Richmond, now we believe the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, he sneered at the landscape which his visitors were admiring. The duke was French in his sympathies. When the *émigrés* arrived in England he entertained them with munificent hospitality. In fact, he resembled very much in character the Richelieus and Lauzuns of the *ancien régime*. He had the bad taste to introduce Madame du Barry to the king on the terrace at Windsor. His Majesty turned his back on the worthy couple with the most astounding celerity. The duke was no believer in the eternal duration of the English aristocracy. When walking one day with his star on, a passer-by laughed at it. "What!" said the duke. "Have they found that out?"

A *parvenu* once talked to him about the libels published against the court and nobility. "They are infamous!" said the *parvenu*. "Shocking!" said the duke. "So false!" said the sycophant. "Oh! not false," said the duke. "I should not care about them if they were false. They are all so confoundedly true!"

Wraxall says:—

Many fabulous stories were circulated and believed respecting him; as, among others, that he wore a glass eye, that he used milk baths, and other idle tales. It is however a fact that the Duke performed, in his own drawing-room, the scene of Paris and the Goddesses. Three of the most beautiful females

to be found in London presented themselves before him, precisely as the divinities of Homer are supposed to have appeared to Paris on Mount Ida; while *he*, habited like "the Dardan shepherd," holding a gilded apple in his hand, conferred the prize on her whom he deemed the fairest. This classic exhibition took place at his house opposite the Green Park. Neither the second Duke of Buckingham, commemorated by Pope, whose whole life was a voluptuous whim, nor any other of the licentious noblemen, his contemporaries, appear to have ever realized a scene so analogous to the manners of that profligate period. The correct days of George III. were reserved to witness its accomplishment.

There are people now alive who remember the nervousness of the London public as to their milk supply owing to the report about the duke's daily baths. The Duke of Queensberry's remains lie under the communion table in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, a fact that may be of interest to the worshippers in that sacred edifice.

The Marquis of Lothian was another deserter. The prince had taken him in to see the king when his illness was at the worst. Lord Lothian, thinking that his kind master's mental life was closed, promised his vote for the prince. The marquis, when Lord Newbottle, had been a rival of the king in the affections of Lady Sarah Lennox, who seems to have "made hay" at both with great impartiality.

Wraxall writes:—

The Marquis of Lothian attracted severe animadversions by joining the Prince's party. He commanded the first regiment of Life Guards, was constantly near the King's person, and peculiarly acceptable to him.

The Duke of Queensberry and Lord Lothian were dismissed from the offices which they held in the household. The duke, who for the first time in his life had differed from his friend George Selwyn, had to take refuge abroad to escape the ridicule which was showered on him.

George James, Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Cholmondeley, the nephew of Horace Walpole, was as successful a gambler as the Duke of Queensberry. He was head of the Prince of Wales's household, but his great notoriety was obtained from his being such a devoted follower of the king of Egypt. He was the banker *à la mode* at faro. At first he was not very successful, and his uncle relates with great glee how his nephew went to Brookes's before Fox and Fitzpatrick, who kept a bank there, had arrived. Fox and Fitzpatrick came into the club, at-

tacked him and broke his bank. "There!" said Fox; "so should all usurpers be served." How Horace Walpole must have chuckled over this catastrophe! Afterwards, Lord Cholmondeley's winnings were enormous. They are said to have amounted to the sum of three hundred thousand pounds. One gambler alone, a Mr. Paul, lost ninety thousand pounds in one evening.

Lord Cholmondeley was very fortunate in securing money in other ways. Lord Clinton having lost a large sum at cards, sent up his title deeds in order to raise money on mortgage. The lawyer who examined them communicated to Lord Cholmondeley that there was an old claim of the Cholmondeley family to the Clinton estate. The earl made his claim, but the affair was compromised, Lord Cholmondeley receiving a large sum of money. Lord Cholmondeley in fact became so successful in his demands on other people's property that even the quietest of his neighbors took alarm. Mr. Coke became nervous, and wrote to Lord Cholmondeley,

"that wishing to feel easy as to his own property, which he had inherited from a long train of ancestors, but knowing the various claims which his lordship possessed upon that of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would be contented to receive as an indemnity for any claim he might hereafter think fit to make upon the Holkham Estate." Lord Cholmondeley replied in the same facetious style, "that with every wish to tranquillize the mind of an old and much-loved friend, he did not think that, in justice to his own family, he could consistently enter into any arrangement which might hereafter be so detrimental to their future interests."

Lord Cholmondeley lived in great state at Houghton, which he had inherited, his upper servants on grand occasions wearing dark brown coats, with broad gold lace, according to the old custom. He once incautiously asked the mayor and other notabilities of the Walpole borough of Lynn, to enjoy a day's shooting. The mayor and corporation did not get any sport till they came near the hall, when they blazed away to their hearts' content; but their feelings of satisfaction were very much abated when at the banquet which followed, a horrified servant came in with the appalling intelligence that the Lynn gentlemen had shot all Lady Cholmondeley's tame partridges!

Lord Coleraine ("Blue Hanger") was another courtier of the prince's. He was very eccentric in his manner and compliments. The Duchess of York had a water-

party, but when she arrived late the waterman said, "Your Royal Highness must wait for the tide." Upon which Lord Coleraine, bowing profoundly, said, "If I had been the tide I should have waited for your Royal Highness," which sent everybody into fits of laughter. Once when staying at an inn in Ireland, he went to his bedroom, and found his bed occupied; a man started up, saying, "How dare you come into my room? My name is Johnson; I shall demand satisfaction to-morrow morning." Then a little wizened woman popped her head out from under the blankets. At the sight of this apparition Lord Coleraine pointed at her, coolly saying, "Mrs. Johnson, I presume."

The Damers were quite as eccentric as the Hangers. Wraxall describes the conduct of Lord Milton's second son, Mr. George Damer, to Mr. Partington. Readers of Horace Walpole will recollect the graphic account of the suicide of the eldest son at an inn in Covent Garden.

Lady Melbourne passing him, one very cold day [says Wraxall] in her carriage, as he stood conversing with *Partington*, an eminent solicitor, at the corner of Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, she bowed to him. Unwilling to take off his own hat in the severe state of the atmosphere, he instantly made free with that of *Partington*; who having his back towards Lady Melbourne, was not a little surprised at finding himself thus made the involuntary instrument of Mr. Damer's good-breeding. Having, however, performed this act of civility by proxy, he coolly replaced *Partington's* hat on the head of its owner, with many apologies for the freedom.

Perhaps Mr. Partington was that awful being the family solicitor; if so, he no doubt revenged himself by a large addition of six and eightpences. We once heard the landlord of a French hotel announce that his country intended to avenge Waterloo. "That *you* do every day in your bills," said a facetious Englishman.

We have now finished our task. Doubtless there are inaccuracies in Wraxall. When Mr. Charles Greville's book appeared serious misstatements were exposed. But does that detract from the merit of his memoirs, which throw a flood of light on the history of the times he writes about? After all, what is history? Neither Sir Robert Walpole nor Lord North believed in it. Burke and Fox doubted it. Nine-tenths of the documents on which it ought to be written are destroyed, and history is written on the

remaining scraps. When new documents are found all history is changed. Henry VIII. was considered a monster of iniquity till Mr. Froude made discoveries, and succeeded in whitewashing his character to a great extent, although it was a hard task to explain away the bad reputation of a man who cut off the head of a wife on one day, and married another the next. Then take the case of Nero; all the scandal about his levity at the burning of Rome is said to have arisen from his having kindly fiddled at a concert for the relief of the sufferers. We lately saw a defence of the Duke of Maine, the "bastard" of Louis Quatorze, who is accused by St. Simon and Macaulay of losing a battle by sending for a priest to confess to, instead of leading his troops forward. It is now stated that it was difficult to restrain him from fighting without orders. It has always been said that George Selwyn delighted in being present at executions, we read the other day a statement from an intimate friend of his, denying the fact in the strongest terms. What is truth? We must not be too severe on Wraxall's occasional inaccuracies, for in few books are there so much amusement and so much information.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

"She whom I have praised so,  
Yields delight for reason too:  
Who could doat on thing so common  
As mere outward-handsome woman?  
Such half-beauties only win  
Fools, to let affection in."

WITHER.

#### CHAPTER I.

"COME, ADVISE ME, BROTHER."

"But fixed before, and well resolved was she,  
As those who ask advice are wont to be."

POPE.

BEAUTY, health, ease, and a charming temper had all combined to hide from an inquisitive world the years that Matilda Wilmot had spent upon it. She looked young — she *was* young. If her skin was as fair, her eyes as bright, and her tresses as luxuriant as they had been twenty years before, not less was her blood as impetuous and her fancy as warm. She still walked, rode, danced, and skated with the best — was the star of the neighborhood, the theme of every busy tongue, the envy of every jealous heart: and one abominable fact undid it all — Lady Matilda was, O heavens! a grandmother.

"It is the most ridiculous thing," said her brother, — and Teddy did not relish ridiculous things in connection with himself and his belongings, — "it is the worst piece of luck that could have happened, that baby coming. Puts us all in the stupidest position. Just as if you and I were not laughed at enough already, the way we go on. Oh, I know, I know well enough. They say we're a queer lot, and that sort of thing; and it will be worse than ever after this. I say, you know, we must do something; it's no use staring at each other, and doing nothing to help ourselves. We shall be quizzed all over the place."

"So we shall." Matilda looked him in the face without the shadow of a smile. "What are we to do? Come, advise me, brother. Think of something quickly, please."

"Ah, but that's it. It's easy to say, 'Think of something;' but what the dickens am I to think of? There is only one way out of the scrape that I see, and that is for you to marry again, and cut the whole concern here."

"I have been married enough already," rejoined his sister. "Try again, my dear. Your prescription does not suit the complaint, doctor."

"Complaint! Well, I am glad to hear you have the sense to complain at least. 'Pon my word, it's too bad. However, all I can say is, you marry again."

"And all I can say is, I have been married once too often as it is."

"You women have no logic about you," burst forth Teddy impatiently. "Can't you see, now, that having had one bad husband at the start, it's long odds but you get a better to go on with? Can't you see that? Bless me! it's as plain as a pike-staff. It stands to reason."

"Very true; to be sure, it stands to reason. But, my dear brother, 'better' is a vague term. How much 'better,' I should like to know? And then you evidently contemplate my taking a course of husbands, increasing in excellence as I 'go on' with them. Pray, how many will be required?"

"Good gracious! you *are* unreasonable. I never said such a thing. Why, you might hit on the very man for you the very next time."

"I might, certainly."

"And then — there you are."

"True; then — there I am."

"Well, but," proceeded Lady Matilda, with infinite gravity, "supposing, Teddy, — just supposing, for the sake of pru-

dence, you know, — you are always telling me that I am not so prudent as I ought to be, so I intend to make an effort in future, — supposing, then, that I did not?"

"Did not what?"

"Hit on the right man."

"Well, of course — of course," said Teddy, slightly flustered, as was natural, by the suggestion, — "of course, you know, you must take your chance. I tell you it's long odds in your favor, but I can't say more than that. No man can say more than that. If you marry again —"

"In the abstract. Yes."

"In the abstract? Yes." He had not a notion, poor boy, what she meant, for Teddy was simple, very simple, as perhaps has been already gathered. "In the abstract, if you like. You marry again, anyway; and then — there we are."

"Then — there we are," repeated Lady Matilda, with the same cheerful enunciation and the same immovable countenance as before; "but, pardon me, dear Ted, explain a little — how?"

"Don't you see how? I'll soon show you, then. When you marry, I can come and live with you, and we can live anywhere you choose, — I am sure I don't care where, so long as it isn't here —"

("Abstract husband, no vote," *sotto voce* observed Matilda.)

"We could go far enough away," proceeded her brother; "we could now, if we had a little more money — if we had not to hang on to Overton. I can't make out sometimes," with a little puzzled expression, — "I can't quite make out, Matilda, how it is that we haven't more money between us. I thought you had married a rich man."

"Oh, never mind — never mind that; we know all about that." Lady Matilda spoke rather hastily. "Money is not interesting to either of us, Ted, and I want to hear more about your plan. Tell me what we should do when we had gone away from here, and where to go, and why go at all?"

"As to what we should do! We should do very well. I don't know what you mean by that. And then it's easy enough settling where to go. There are heaps of places, very jolly places, that I could get to know about, once I was on the look-out for them. Places always crop up once you are on the look-out; any one will tell you that."

"And now, why should we go at all?"

"Why?" Teddy opened his eyes, and stared at his sister. "Why? Have I not



been telling you why all this time? I do believe you think I like to talk on, for talking's sake." (She did, but never let him know as much, listening patiently till the stream had run dry; but on this occasion Teddy was too sharp, and the subject was too engrossing.) "Why? To get quit of it, of course," he said.

"Of it! Of what?"

"That disgusting baby."

"Are you speaking of my grandson, sir? Are you talking of a hapless infant only a few hours old, you unnatural monster? Shame upon you! fie upon you, young man! Pray, Mr. Edward Sour-face, reserve such epithets in future for other ears; and be so good, sir, at the same time, to draw off some of the vinegar which is visible in your countenance, and let me have it presently as a fitting accompaniment to the oil which we shall see exhibited in that of my trusty and well-beloved son-in-law — since one will counteract the other, and thus shall I better be able to digest both. Why, Teddy, what an idiot you are!" said Lady Matilda, dropping all at once her mocking accents, and speaking gently and playfully; "what an ado you make about the simplest and most natural thing in the world! I am married at eighteen, so of course Lotta improves on the idea, and marries *before* she is eighteen. I have a daughter, she has a son: in every way my child has followed the lead given her, and indeed eclipsed her mother from first to last."

"Fiddlesticks! Eclipsed her mother! *Lotta!*" cried Teddy, with undisguised contempt. "*Lotta!*" he said again, and laughed.

"Oh, Teddy, Teddy, you are not a good uncle. How can you laugh in that unkind way? Be quiet, sir, be quiet, I tell you; I won't have it. From a grand-uncle, too! Grand-uncle! Think of that, Teddy, love. Dear, dear, — 'tis really vastly surprising, as the old ladies say."

"Vastly — something else," muttered Teddy.

"Mr. Grand-uncle," began the teasing voice.

"Oh, shut up, can't you? Grand-uncle!" said Teddy, with such distaste that it seemed he loathed the very term, independently of its adherence to himself — "grand-uncle! Was there ever such bosh? It really —"

"What I was going to say was," pursued his sister merrily, "that as the baby is a boy, — and youths under twenty do not usually affect matrimony in this coun-

try, — I may be permitted to entertain some hopes that I shall not be converted into a great-grandmother with the same delightful celerity with which I have already been turned into a grandmother."

Then there was a pause, during which the brother looked gloomily out of the window, while the sister found apparently a more agreeable prospect in her own thoughts, for she smiled once or twice before she spoke again. At last she rose from her seat. "I shall go over this afternoon, of course," she said.

"Over to Endhill?"

"Yes."

"Over to see that baby?"

"Yes."

"What on earth — do you really mean it? Are you really going to waste a whole afternoon slobbering over a wretched baby?"

"Only about ten minutes of it, dear; don't be cross; I shall not ask to see Lotta, as she had better be quiet —"

"When is she ever any else?"

"So we can just ride over, come back through the town, see what is going on, and have a fine gallop along the cliffs afterwards."

Now if there was one thing in the world Teddy Lessingham loved, it was to see what was going on in the old county town near which he had been born and bred; and if there was another, it was a gallop along the high, chalky downs when the tide was full, and the sea-wind was blowing the waves right up over the beach beneath. Still he made a demur; he looked at the sky, and looked at Matilda, — "We shall get wet, of course."

"Of course. Old clothes. It will do us no harm."

"I don't mind, I am sure, if you don't. What time then?" For though the young man had not been formally invited to go, let alone being consulted as to the expedition, it was assumed, indeed it was as much a matter of course that he was to be Matilda's companion as the horse she rode. To be sure he was. Where could he have gone but where she went? What could he have done that she would not have a part in? He never had a purpose apart from hers: her will was his law; her chariot-wheels his chosen place.

Nor was the widow less ardently attached to her young brother. She, the quickest-witted woman in the neighborhood, never lost patience with, never wearied of, her poor foolish Teddy, who, as was pretty well known, was not quite, not *quite* like other people, and yet was

so very little wrong, wanting in such a very slight degree, that it was almost a shame to mention it, — and yet, if the truth were told, it was perhaps even more awkward and trying in some ways than if there had been more amiss. For Teddy considered himself to be a very knowing and remarkably wide-awake fellow. On his shoulders, he felt, rested a heavy weight of responsibility, and cares manifold devolved on his far-reaching mind. For instance, who but he kept up the whole credit of Overton Hall in the eyes of the world? Did he not entertain strangers, remember faces, do the civil to the neighborhood generally, whereas Overton and Matilda never thought of such things? Overton was "a very good brother, a precious good brother, and he was not saying a word against him;" but without saying a word against him, it is certain that the speaker felt and was scarcely at pains to conceal his sense of his own superiority. Overton, he would complain, had no idea of keeping things up to the mark — had no *nous*, no *go* in him; whereas Matilda, poor Matilda (here he would wag his head with sombre sagacity) — poor Matilda, was such a flighty, here-there-everywhere, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care sort of creature, that if it were not for *him*, — oh, it was no wonder Teddy had a serious aspect, all things considered.

Perhaps Matilda was at times diverted and at times provoked; but at any rate she took care that no one else should be either one or the other in her presence. In everything she supported and fortified her brother. He lectured her, and she listened dutifully. He put forth his wisdom, and it was met by gentle raillery or grave assent. His wildest assertions, his most pitiful arguments, were softened, smoothed, and helped tenderly out of the conversation, — so that even those who liked the fair Matilda least — and they were women, we may be sure — even those allowed that she was wonderfully, extraordinarily "nice" with Teddy.

Now Teddy could be irritating. There were times when he would be sharp, sharp as a needle, and sharp inevitably at the wrong moment and in the wrong way. The thing that it was particularly desirable that he should not see, and should know nothing about, he would perceive by intuition — and that, however absent-minded and dull and stupid he might have seemed but the moment before. There was no evading his penetration, and no putting him off the scent once he struck it: he saw like a lynx, and

heard like a Red Indian, when it suited him.

Then perhaps when such smartness was particularly mischievous in its results, and Teddy would meet with the mildest of rebuffs from those whom he had so wantonly maltreated, he would be very highly aggrieved indeed. Perhaps the rebuff might never even come to be spoken, but a something in the air would show that all was not well, and this was enough; he was out of favor, and he was bound to show resentment; nor, when he thus took the bit between his teeth, could all the united efforts of Overton and Matilda dislodge it. He was not to be either cajoled or coerced out of his mood. Silence, obstinate, unyielding, leaden-weighted silence, would be his refuge; and while the fit lasted, which it might do for days at a time, neither the earl nor his sister had much peace of mind. Vague misgivings would creep into their bosoms and betray their presence by uneasy whispers and glances, if Teddy's whereabouts were unknown for any length of time: if he lingered out of doors after the great bell had sounded from the tower at luncheon-time or dinner-time, one would be at the staircase window, and another looking casually out of the front door. They would watch him disappear across the park, and when once the tall, handsome figure was out of sight, and Teddy could have no suspicion that he was being spied upon, one or other would be pretty sure to follow, and be merely strolling about in the same direction, if by chance they were obliged to let him see he was not alone. He would not address the intruder on his solitude. He would look angrily away, mutter to himself, and pass on. The servants would understand that Mr. Edward was in a "temper," and avoid him; his very dog would make no efforts to engage his notice.

But this is Teddy at his worst. These ugly days are few and far between, — thank God they are, or what might they not lead to? They come but seldom, and go as they come, unquestioned, unblamed. Gradually the cloud begins to roll away, a softer look steals back to the face, the lips part in a smile, the whistle to Gruff brings Gruff rampant to his master's side, and it is plain that all is to be right again.

Overton nods to Matilda, and she nods back. Overton addresses Teddy as though nothing had happened, and Matilda takes it for granted that he will join her

in some little jaunt or other, previously arranged and ready to be brought forward, — and they both talk away to him and take his arm, and pat him on the back, just as if he had not persistently avoided their company as much as he could for the last thirty or forty hours, and had not, when compelled to endure it, maintained an unbroken, sullen, affected unconsciousness of their presence. That is past, and he may be approached again. He looks a little anxious, a little ashamed: a vague feeling of having been naughty oppresses the lad as it would a child, and his spirits gratefully rise as he perceives he is not to be punished for his misbehavior. If Overton were cold to him, or, worse still, were Matilda to quarrel with him, all Teddy's happiness in life would be gone, for these two beings people his world, and in their unflinching forbearance and affection he basks as in sunshine.

"Yet Mr. Edward talks sensible enough," avers the old major-domo of Overton, who has known Mr. Edward from his cradle. "I've seen folks as taken as they could be with Mr. Edward, I can tell you; and my lord not being married, nor looking that way, there's many would jump at the young one on the chance. Lord bless you, he ain't far wrong, not by no means! he is just a bit simple and foolish like; but who's to know that that sees him in company? — such a fine, well-set-up young gentleman to look at, a-talking here, a-talking there, always quite easy and comfortable, and dressed — there ain't a better-dressed gentleman in London. For one coat of my lord's Mr. Edward have half-a-dozen; and as to trousers, Joseph here tells me he wouldn't like to give a guess even at what his trouser bill is. My lord, he pays: bless you, he don't say nothing to nobody, but he just pays and keeps the receipts. He ain't as poor as Mr. Edward thinks, d'ye understand? 'Twould never do to let Mr. Edward have every suvering *he* wanted, or we should soon be in the workhouse; but he gets his little bit of money that his father left him, just to make believe, d'ye see? He gets it paid regular down, and he fusses over it, and thinks it's all he have to live upon, — and to be sure he can see well enough 'tis but a trifle, — so that just keeps him down nicely. To hear him sometimes telling folks how poor he is! But he forgets, you know, — he forgets, does Mr. Edward. Lor'! you may talk to him by the hour together, and he don't know nothing at the end. Tell him a thing, and he takes it in

all right enough; but it just goes through and through his head without stopping — in at one ear and out at the other, before any good or bad comes of it. If it weren't for Lady Matilda" — and the old man shook his head.

It was in this light that the Hon. Edward Lessingham was looked upon by the inmates of Overton Hall.

## CHAPTER II.

### "YET YOU USED TO SEEM HAPPY."

"A coronet, my lord goes by,  
My lady with him in the carriage, —  
You'd never guess from that proud eye  
It was a miserable marriage."

ANON.

AND now we must more formally introduce our readers to Overton Hall itself, and to the three representatives of the Overton family now alone remaining, since they were, one and all, so far from being unremarkable, that in any rank, among any associates, they must still have attracted notice. As it was, as the first people of the place, they were an unfailing source of gossip, conjecture, and comment in a particularly barren and unfruitful neighborhood. Providence had been kind to the parish in bestowing on it such a patron as Lord Overton, and such a pair as Teddy and Matilda for his brother and sister. No three people could have done more for the dull, out-of-the-way, old-world part they lived in, and that involuntarily; for, truth to tell, it was not all the money they gave away, the schemes they organized, the example they set, which was half so much valued among the villagers as their freaks and fancies, their whims and vagaries, their doings and sayings, their goings and comings, — these were the real benefit, the real, actual, positive benefit, which was conferred, and for which gratitude was due.

Overton Hall, far from the busy world — at least as far as it is possible to be in England in these highly strung and terribly communicative days — four miles from a small and sleepy wayside station, in plainer terms, was sunk in a hollow (though Lady Matilda would never allow as much) — was, at any rate, far down the slope of a long, low Sussex hillside; and although pleasant enough as a summer residence, was looked upon by all but its inhabitants as absolutely unendurable after the fall of the leaf. When October had once fairly set in, the park would be a series of swamps, over which faint blue mists hung incessantly; the red walls of the old Elizabethan mansion would be visible for

miles on every side when the thin, scrubby woodlands around had been stripped of their foliage; and it had been said over and over again that no people but the Overtons themselves, no residents less pertinaciously attached to their native place, would ever have lived on through winter after winter in such a dreary spot.

That they did so, however, from choice, was a priceless boon to those who, from necessity, followed their example. So little of the Overtons went such a long way; they were so rich in resources in themselves, so replete with material for the wits of others to work upon; one was so unlike the other, and all were so unlike the rest of their neighbors,—that the one universal feeling was, they could never have been replaced, had any evil chance taken them away. What they did, and what they left undone, was of almost equal interest; why Lord Overton took a morning instead of an afternoon walk, made talk for half a-dozen tongues. What carriages went from the hall to meet such and such a train? When they returned? Who were in them? Was Teddy seeing the guests off when he was met driving down on the following day; or were they stopping over Sunday? All of this was food for ardent speculation; and the erection of new park palings, or a fresh lodge at the edge of the low wood, was not of more vital importance than the health of Matilda's sick parrot, or the consideration as to the length of time her whimsical ladyship had worn her one bonnet in church.

Although all three were thus constantly before their public, it, however, by no means followed that they were on the same footing in the public mind; and strange to say, the elder brother, the least striking, the least notable as he was of any, had to him the *pas* given; but then the case stood thus: Lord Overton was one whom no one—except, perhaps, the very, very few who had known him closely from boyhood—believed in. He was, at the time our story commences, in the prime of life—that is to say, he was forty years old, and looked his age. He was short, stumpy, plain, and worse than plain, coarse in feature, and marked, though but slightly, with small-pox. He was, in fine, not passively, but aggressively ill-favored; not insignificant, not one who might have been cast in a mould whence hundreds more of the same could be turned out to order if required, but he was the unfortunate possessor of a face which might have been constructed upon trial, and found so

unsatisfactory as to have been never reproduced.

But then he was the Earl of Overton. What signified it to the Earl of Overton how he looked, or of what formation was his nose, or chin, or mouth? What did it matter that he shambled in his walk, slouched in his chair, and sat inches lower than his sister? What though he had not Teddy's easy grace and swinging step, or the bell-like tones of Matilda's voice? He was the Earl of Overton. These things were, or ought to have been, considerations quite beneath the Earl of Overton. In virtue of the solitary possession, birth, he should have been more potent than the Apollo Belvidere, or the sage Æsop. He should not have supposed it possible that he could look amiss, or act amiss, or talk too much or too long.

Nobody could believe that he did think it possible; and thus it was that, as we have said, nobody believed in the man himself.

He was a mystery—a cynic; he was proud as Lucifer; he was mad as a March hare. It was said of him that not all his ancestors for generations back had held themselves so high as he did. He was dubbed a recluse and a monk; while, to carry out the pleasant suggestion, the Hall itself would be termed the monastery (but if it were one, like unto some in the olden time it must have been, when monks were merrier than they are now). This, however, is an aside between the reader and the writer,—in the eyes of the good folk round the simile was apt. But what puzzled them a little, and set one or two thinking, was this, that after all, though everything that was heard of Lord Overton bespoke him proud, stern, and self-contained—after all, if you met the earl face to face, if he *had* to look at you and *had* to speak to you, his look was wonderfully meek and his voice gentle.

Now Lord Overton thought no more of himself than if he had been a city scavenger. That was the real truth, and in that truth lay the perplexity. People could not understand, would not, indeed, credit for a single second the notion that so great a man could be humble-minded.

And how came it that he was so? Probably after this fashion. His parents had been vain, selfish, and ambitious; and they could ill brook the idea that their first-born, their heir, the future head of the house, should give no promise of bringing to it either honor or repute. Overton had from infancy been awkward, ugly, and illiterate. There was no hope

that he would shine either as a politician, or as a courtier, or as a soldier, or as—in short, anything. Teddy had eclipsed him in beauty, Matilda in intellect, and the latter had been the father's, the former the mother's darling. With neither had he been in the smallest degree of consequence, over neither had he possessed any influence, and they had only noticed his being the eldest as a fresh source of vexation, since he did the position so little credit.

It had all sunk deeply into a nature already reserved, bashful, and backward.

Not all the subsequent fuss about the peer in possession; not all the flattery of time-servers, anxious to worship the risen sun; not even time and reflection, could shake Overton's conviction that he was a nobody, and would always be a nobody.

It was impossible, Matilda said, to open her eldest brother's eyes. He could never see that he was needed, never suppose that he could be wanted.

For instance, it was tolerably palpable when old Lady Finsbury—the dear old dowager who lived in the very small house along the London Road—when the old lady herself drove to the Hall on purpose to secure the party for a little dinner—such a little dinner as she could give and liked to give,—it was plain that the presence of Overton himself on the occasion was not only desired, but was of first-rate importance. He was more than wanted, he was anxiously, painfully wanted,—but the idea never occurred to him that it could be so. He thought it very kind, uncommonly kind, of Lady Finsbury to ask them all; but three out of one house were quite too many for her little room (Lady Matilda winced and looked at the speaker, but he saw nothing)—he should not think, should not really think, of trespassing on her hospitality to such an extent. On the point he was firm as a rock. Teddy was of so much more use than he in society that Teddy must go, of course, and Lady Finsbury would kindly excuse him. Of course Lady Finsbury went away mortified, poor soul. Of course she told the story of her defeat with variations, crescendos, and diminuendos, as it suited her, to half-a-dozen intimates ere the week was out; and of course they one and all agreed that the dear creature had been abominably ill-used, and that Lord Overton must have been a perfect brute to say to her face that she had not a room in her house fit for him to sit in.

Meantime Matilda would be groaning in spirit at home. "Oh, Overton, Over-

ton, when will you learn to understand, when will you ever say the right thing? Can't you see, oh, can't you see, you dear blind, blind, blindest of blind beetles, in what a dreadful state of mind you have sent home that poor, harmless, unoffending old lady? She had done you no injury, she had come brimming over with good-will and loving-kindness to us all, and instead of accepting graciously her little overtures, and crowning her with joy and gladness, you dashed her hopes to the ground, and seemed to take pleasure in trampling upon them when they were there."

"Good gracious, Matilda, what do you mean? What have I done?"

"Done—done! 'that which can't be undone,' I can tell you, my dear. And after all, why would you not go? You have no reason for refusing. You had not even manners to put forth the ghost of an excuse—"

"As to excuse, I told her the truth. I was very much obliged, and I understood perfectly,—she thought she could not ask Teddy and you without me, and so she asked me too,—but she did not want me a bit, and as I did not want to go, I thought it was much the best way to take it on myself to refuse. She was quite satisfied. Did you not see she stopped asking me at once—"

"Yes, indeed, I did see that."

"Well, what more would you want?"

"Want? Oh, Overton!"—she stopped to laugh and sigh in despair—"who could believe you could be so—well, never mind, you meant it for the best, but you never, never do yourself justice; and how are people to know that it is all because you are so unfortunately, outrageously, insufferably modest? They won't believe it, nobody will believe it; and besides, you do say such things: now you can see this, surely, that Lady Finsbury could not like your reflecting on her little rooms?"

"I did not 'reflect' on them at all. I merely said we were too many for them; I 'reflected' on *us* if I 'reflected' on any one."

"If you thought we were too many, why should not Teddy have stayed at home, or at least have offered to stay at home, and you and I have gone together? That might have been done."

"To be sure it might,—but to be sure, also, I knew better than that. Why, of course," continued Lord Overton, with a momentary bitterness which showed that although the old wounds of childhood might have been healed, they still woke



and smarted at times — “of course, any one would rather have Teddy than me. Don't you suppose I know that? Teddy ornaments the rooms, and keeps everybody going with his talk, while I am good for nothing. Do you think I have forgotten that he was always sent for to the drawing-room as a boy, while it was never thought desirable that *my* studies should be interrupted? Did he not invariably accompany our mother to town when she went to one gay place and another, and was not I left at home? Who taught *me* to play and sing, or gave me masters for dancing, or sent me abroad to learn languages? I am such an oaf that I can't enter a room like other people. I can't speak a tongue but my own. I am not fit for society —”

“You are fit for *any* society. Overton, my dear Overton, don't talk like that,” said Matilda, springing forward to put her hand on his arm as he was turning to leave the room. “You deceive yourself — indeed, indeed you do,” — her own eyes reflecting the moisture in his. “Teddy, poor Teddy, you know what he is; surely you do not begrudge him advantages which have just made him passable — just enabled him to go through the world without bringing down its ridicule upon his head; surely you see —” she paused.

“I see, Matilda — I see, I know, I understand; but I cannot help feeling — oh, you know well enough what I feel.”

“And you are so kind to him,” pursued she, with a sudden sob; “yes, you are — you are. No one would be like you to him — the best, the dearest, the —”

“Well, well, never mind; why, it's all right, of course it's all right; they meant to do their duty by us both, I suppose; and one ought not to speak against one's father and mother — specially when they are dead, but —”

“Think what they did for *me*,” said Matilda, in a low voice, but with drier eyes.

Her brother was silent.

“Did they not marry me when I was but a girl, a child?” pursued his sister; “did they not give me to a man more than twice my age, who neither loved me nor feigned to love me, who was incapable of loving any one but himself? who made my life a burden —”

“Yet you used to seem happy.”

“Was I happy? It must have been after a strange fashion then. Why, Overton, you say I used to seem happy. To *seem*? Yes; that is exactly the word.

Was it likely I should do anything but ‘seem’? To show the truth, to lay bare my wretchedness for every passer-by to gaze upon? No, indeed. The thing was done, and I had but to keep up the farce as best I could. Well, well,” continued Matilda in a brisker tone, — “well, well, those days are past, and we are all very happy now, — are we not, dear? As to your being jealous of Teddy —”

“I never said I was jealous. How can you think such a thing?”

“As to imagining that Teddy can in any way fill your shoes, or take the place of Lord Overton in the sight of a hostess —”

“Ay, that's it; I can follow you there. Possibly Lord Overton might be welcome, but I — I — myself —”

“But you — you — yourself, being as you are, Lord Overton, cannot disassociate your person from your title, your body from — let me see what; at any rate you will not refuse the next invitation, and send home the next fair dame who brings it, dying with chagrin?”

Perhaps she would after such a discussion endeavor still further to explain matters, but the end of any such attempts would be almost always the same — a sort of storm of admiration and vexation on her part, and partial and temporary enlightenment on his.

Such a gleam would soon die out. He would go to the next party as he had been bid, would go internally quaking and outwardly cold and frigid, and although endeavoring to do his best, would somehow contrive to do it with the very worst effect possible. He would not stand on the hearth-rug; he would not play the earl; the most unostentatious back seat would infallibly be his resort, and the nearest person to him — quite possibly the humblest individual there — had such conversation as he possessed. It was not much: he would look wistfully and enviously at his younger brother, who, with artless complacency, and in the very best of spirits, was prattling away first to one and then to another; who was moving about from place to place as anything caught his eye or engaged his attention; who, during the dinner which followed, would be beset on every side by fair ones anxious for his attention, for attention which he seemed willing and able to distribute to each and all impartially, — and he would wonder how Teddy did it. No such brilliant effusions came from him, no such happy sallies set the table laughing. It was hard on his companion, Lord Overton would

consider; and graver and graver would grow his voice, and longer and longer his face, as the hours wore on. When all was over he would heave a sigh of relief, but even the relief was tempered by apprehension of a probable lecture on the way home; and thus it was scarcely to be wondered at that society liked the unfortunate nobleman little better than he liked society, and that although some—the charitable—merely called him stiff and stately, the greater part of his acquaintance characterized him as eaten up with pride.

And what of Matilda, the widow, the mother, and now the grandmother?

She was, as has been already said, a lovely woman; full of animal life; warm-blooded, high-spirited, and impetuous; a passionate partisan or an unsparing adversary; one who loved or hated with equal warmth; generous to a fault, or sarcastic to acrimony. At the age of thirty-seven—for she was three years younger than Overton—she still possessed in a redundant share the freshness, energy, and spring of youth—perhaps also some of its incompleteness. There was still promise to be fulfilled, still material for experience to work upon; but this only added, as it seemed, to the charms of one already so charming—one who was too charming to be perfect. Her voice was soft, yet rich; never raised above an even medium note; yet so clear was the enunciation, and so resonant the tone, that wherever the sound of it was carried, words and meaning could be discerned also.

In figure she was tall, and though not more fully formed than became her age, yet giving indications that, in after life, she might become stout rather than thin.

But who shall describe the lustre of her large, dark eye, by turns soft, subtle, searching, or sparkling, brimming, and mischievous? Who could forget the exquisite pose of her head, the broad, low brow, the play of her lips, the curve of her chin, the rounded throat, the falling shoulder? No wonder that she was adored. No wonder that every man who had once seen, looked twice, thrice, whenever and wherever he could, at Lady Matilda.

How it came to pass that, with lovers in plenty, she had never contracted a second union, even Matilda herself would hardly have been able to explain. She neither was, nor had ever affected to be,

a broken-hearted woman, one who had played out her part in a troublesome world, and had fain have no more ado with it: so far indeed from this being the case, people did say that, having been married off as fast as possible by parents who were solely anxious to get the skittish lass off their hands, the poor thing had been mercifully deprived of a husband whom no one could tolerate, and that probably the happiest day of her life had been that which saw her, all beclouded from head to foot in trappings of woe, brought back a widow to the home of her childhood. Over that home the kind Overton now reigned, and over him Matilda herself meant to reign. She meant it, and she did it. Never had sister found a warmer welcome, and never had one been more needed or appreciated. She had flown at her brothers' necks, kissed, hugged, wept over them with—we hardly like to confess what kind of tears, but perhaps the two may have guessed,—at any rate, in their satisfaction, and in her own, each felt that, with Matilda back again, a new life had begun. Every want was supplied, every void filled up. Soon there began to be heard a firm, light tread up and down the broad staircase; a cheerful woman's voice would issue forth through open doorways; and by-and-by a jest and a laugh would peep slyly out when Matilda's lips were open, as though half afraid to make known their presence, and yet unable to hide away longer. Sounds of music echoed from distant chambers; flowers, dewy and fragrant, met the eye about the rooms; there were parcels on the hall table; there was a riding-whip here, and a pair of gloves there; and a neat little coat would be found hung up among the men's coats on the stand, and a sweet little hat would perch alongside the brothers' hats upon the pegs; and all this meant—Matilda.

Fresh wheel-marks down the avenue, showed that Matilda was out driving; the boat-house key lost, told that she had been out boating; the hothouse doors left ajar, betrayed that she had been eating the grapes.

Everywhere was Matilda felt, and to everything she had a right; and thus entrenched in comfort, authority, and contentment, sure it would have been a bold adventurer indeed who would have thought of storming such a citadel.

## CHAPTER III.

## LOTTA.

"She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought —  
But never, never reached one generous thought."  
POPE.

WE must not, however, forget that up to within a very few months of the time our story opens, there had been another inmate of Overton Hall, and indeed an inmate who had no mean idea of her own importance. This was the little girl called Lotta, who, with large round eyes and demure step, accompanied her mother on Lady Matilda's return to the Hall. Now it must be confessed that the one very, very slight thorn in the sides of the three chiefly concerned in this restoration was connected with the little Charlotte—or Lotta: they could not, any of them, be quite as fond of Matilda's child as they could have wished to be. It would have been natural for her to have been the centre of attraction to one and all—for the bereaved parent to have been absolutely devoted to her darling, and for the uncles to have found an unfailing source of interest and amusement in one who was at the endearing age of six, when childhood is especially bewitching, and when the second teeth have not yet begun to come. The whole household might have been provided with an object in Lotta. In taking care of her, watching over her, delighting her little heart with trifles, admiring the dawning of her intelligence, and recounting her sayings, an unflagging source of conversation and study might have been discovered; and, indeed, wiseacres shook their heads, and predicted that a nicely spoilt young lady Miss Charlotte Wilmot would grow up to be, in such an atmosphere, and with such surroundings.

They were mistaken. Lotta was not spoiled after the fashion they thought of,—and this from no severe exercise of self-restraint on the part of Lady Matilda and her brothers, but simply because they were not so tempted. Nothing, indeed, made the widow more indignant than a hint that such was the case; hard and long she strove against the fact, against nature, against everything that favored the distressing conviction, but she was overpowered at last, and almost allowed it to herself in her disappointment. She could not, try as she might, turn Charlotte into an engaging child: she petted her, played with her, romped with her; and Charlotte accepted it all without hesitation, but without originating either a ca-

ress or a frolic in return. What was wrong? No one seemed to know. From infancy the little girl had been a compound of virtues, and it was said of her that a less troublesome charge no nurse had ever possessed. At the age of eight she cut and stitched dolls' frocks without assistance, set herself her own tasks if her governess were unwell or absent, gave directions as to when tucks were to be let down or breadths let out in her frocks, and refrained—on principle—from tasting unknown puddings at table. What was there left for mother, or uncles, to do?

"She puts me to shame, I know," cried Lady Matilda valiantly; "she thinks of things in a way I never could, and quite wonderful in a child of her age. I don't know where I should be without Lotta, I am so forgetful about what has to be done, and she reminds me of it just at the right time and in the right place. Do you know, she always asks nurse for her medicine"—Lotta being at the time ill with measles. "Nurse says there is no need for *her* to think about it, for as sure as the finger of the clock points to the hour, Lotta asks for her dose. Is it not nice, and—and thoughtful of the poor child?" And as she spoke thus bravely, almost fiercely, in defence of her offspring, no one would venture to differ from a word she said; indeed they would hastily and nervously agree, find more to say, discriminate between the little phenomenon and others, valorously finding a verdict in Lotta's favor, and watch the very tips of every syllable they uttered, lest anything should escape to rouse suspicion on the part of the parent, thus herself upon the watch against herself.

But how came Lotta to be a child of Lady Matilda—of the gay, careless, jocund Matilda? How came such a creature of habit and order to be associated with such a very spirit of heedlessness and improvidence? How grew such a methodical imp in such a casual soil? How, in short, came the dull, worthy, excellent, and most unattractive daughter, to be born of the brilliant, arch, incorrigible mother? A mystery of mysteries it was.

Lady Matilda did not like to have remarks made upon the subject. She was fond of Charlotte, maternally,—that is to say, Charlotte was her child, her only child, the little one whom she had watched from infancy, and who was to be her friend and companion in after life. She had rejoiced in being young for Charlotte's sake. Charlotte should have no sober-minded, middle-aged, far-away parent, who

would smile benignantly on her games and toys, or listen condescendingly to her tales of lovers and suitors, having neither part nor lot in such matters, and looking down in wisdom from a height above them. Such mothers were all very well; but she would be on a level with her child, hand and glove in all that went on, the maiden's chosen companion and intimate.

And then, behold, Lotta had needed no such companion; had felt herself sufficient for herself from earliest days; had, if the truth were told, an idea as she waxed older, that she was her mother's superior in sense and sagacity, forethought and prudence. What was to be done, this being the case? A wet day would come, and Lady Matilda, bored to death with a long afternoon in the house, would cheerfully propose — making Lotta the pretext — a game of battledore and shuttlecock in the gallery. Oh yes, Lotta would play if mamma wished it; but it would surely tire mamma, and for herself she would prefer going on with what she was doing. She was quite happy; she was preparing her lessons for the next day; she did not need any play, thank you. After such a snub, Matilda and Teddy would look at the child — Matilda with a perplexed, curious look, Teddy with a grin — and then they would go off and play with each other, while not even the sounds of mirth and the regular monotonous tap-tap of the shuttlecock would bring the diligent and virtuous piece of industry from her self-set task.

"She might have been born an old woman," Matilda would mutter to herself; but she would take very good care not to let what had passed elicit a comment from Teddy. While Lotta was very young, and before it became absolutely certain what Lotta would turn out, he knew that no animadversions on his niece would be permitted, and that his sister, sore because of her own disappointment, would not stand so much as an insinuation from others. It was when the little girl was most imposing and didactic, was least endurable, in other terms, that Lady Matilda's tongue ran fastest in her favor. What would her uncles have? They need not expect every child to be like other children, as if they were a pack of sheep. Lotta was all that any one could desire in the way of goodness and gentleness; and as for her little practical head, you might trust her with a whole list of articles to buy, and shops to go to, and she would not only forget nothing, but would bring her little account afterwards

and make it balance to a farthing. "Which is more than I ever could do," the poor lady would add in conclusion.

But as Charlotte grew up there was less and less in common between her and her mother.

The latter could not hide from herself, as years went on, how limited in reality were her daughter's powers, and how commonplace her mind. The very governorship learned to shrug her shoulders. "Yes, Miss Charlotte was not what you could call *bright*, and *quick*. She was a very good girl, very industrious, very diligent, but she had not the — the ability. No; she had no decided turn for anything. For languages, certainly not; for history, geography, grammar, pretty well; but music, drawing, poetry," — she would shake her head.

In short, Charlotte was a dullard, who never opened a book if she could help it, who neither knew nor cared to know what was in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, who seldom put a question, who never created an idea, and who was far more satisfied with her ignorance than the wisest philosopher with his knowledge. At seventeen Lady Matilda, who had indeed, as we know, no cause to advocate matrimony, was still fain to acknowledge to herself that when the young lady had finished with lessons there would be nothing for it but to marry her.

"Provided she gets a poor man she may do very well," reflected the unworldly mother; "a rich one would leave her far too little to think about; and as she has something of her own, she can never be really at a loss. Grant her a poor man — a moderately poor man — and she will find the most delightful occupation in economizing, saving, looking after every bit and scrap, worrying her servants, and reducing everything she has in hand to system. She will do her own marketing, and turn her own gowns. She will have a bunch of keys as big as a bottle. Yes, yes; that must be it. Lotta must marry, and marry soon, or — well, there is no use denying it, she will drive us all out of our senses."

"Since Miss Grove has deserted us" — for the wily Miss Grove, oppressed by the staid solemnity of her one pupil, had flown to a livelier schoolroom, after having first assured Lady Matilda, with a mixture of artfulness and ingenuity, that it was of no use her staying on, as Miss Wilmot would never learn more than she knew already — "since Lotta has been her own mistress, she has become quite dreadful," owned poor Matilda to herself. "She

proses to Overton like a woman of fifty, and seems to think that her mission in life is to keep us all in order. I am sure I really do not know what will be the end of it, if some charitable person does not take pity upon us, and appear to the rescue."

And then, as if by magic, who should appear before the astonished eyes of the fair conjurer, but the very charitable person she sought, as though raised by her spells? It was too much. She was almost overpowered by her good luck. Could it be—could it really be? Was it possible, not to say actually the case, that here was Mr. Robert Hanwell, the unexpected, not too rich, not too clever, not too exacting son and heir of old John Hanwell at the other end of the county, coming forward as a suitor for the hand of the youthful and charming and sadly perplexing Miss Wilmot?

Miss Wilmot's mamma clapped her hands when there was no one by to see her.

Then she was vexed with herself, and the tears came into her eyes as she saw what she had done. Was that the way to treat an event so serious? Was that the spirit wherein she should have received the news that her daughter's happiness was, humanly speaking, secured for life? She ought to have known better. Well did she know whence came this good thing, and who had taken thought of the widow and the fatherless, and a softer light shone in her eye, and the lip quivered a little, as associations and memory awoke, as they do awake at such times. Lotta would be happy in her husband, it appeared. Mr. Hanwell was known to them all by repute, and repute spoke him a good man, come of a good stock. He was apparently much enamored of Lotta; he had met her at a country house, whither Charlotte had been packed off in order to give the household at Overton a moment's breathing-space after her emancipation, and the sedate, well-conducted, and fairly comely young miss had apparently found favor in the eyes of one person from the very beginning of their acquaintance. Lotta had been glad enough to go, glad to leave Overton, where, although she knew not why, she herself had felt uncomfortable, and where, just before, Teddy had succeeded in rousing up the party, if he had not improved matters, by sulking for a week on end. Lotta had gone off in good spirits, well pleased and well dressed—Lady Matilda had taken care of the last—and the consequence was, she had

been caught at her best. They had little expected such a result; they had merely felt that mademoiselle must betake herself elsewhere for a season, must give them a brief release from her sense and supervision; therefore the delight of all may be imagined, and even Lady Matilda's childish expression of it pardoned, when one fine morning who should appear but Mr. Robert Hanwell big with purposes concerning her.

He met with no opposition; to demur was not to be thought of. The earl and his sister had indeed much ado to conceal their indecent glee at the prospect of getting rid in a manner at once so unexpected and so delightful of an incubus whose weight had already begun to press heavily on their shoulders; and it was only by rigidly composing their countenances that they could restrain an outbreak and overflow of smiles, and by steadfastly fixing their eyes upon the ground that they could keep them from reciprocally congratulating each other.

With some trepidation Mr. Hanwell made his offer. He was, he stated, not a wealthy man, but his father could do something for him; he was the eldest son, and the estate was unencumbered; his father could give him seven or eight hundred a year; he had no profession, having—hum—haw—dabbled in law a little, but not been exactly called to the bar—at least—well, it did not signify, it would not have suited him,—and all he meant was that, having thus no tie to any place—no necessity for being here or there—he would be able to settle down anywhere; he should have no objection—indeed, would be very glad—to be in the neighborhood of Overton, as no doubt Lady Matilda would wish,—Lady Matilda gravely bent her head,—“he would do anything, in short, in that way, or in any way, for he felt very much what a—that—a—that he was asking a great deal, that he was seeking to deprive a mother of her only child,”—Lady Matilda bowed again,—“but indeed,” concluded the aspirant with a flourish—“indeed, I would endeavor to do my best to be worthy of the position I aspire to.” The last sentence with a glance towards Lord Overton, who was standing harmlessly by, and who had no idea whatever that the said position referred in any way to him.

Mr. Hanwell thus got through the whole of the speech he had previously prepared, without interruption from either, and probably also without in the least discovering then or thereafter that there had been



no occasion for saying anything half so fine.

Overton merely observed that Charlotte was a good girl, and would make him a good wife.

Lady Matilda endeavored to go a step further, and floundered about between truth and falsehood for several minutes, before she was able to seek refuge in complimenting alternately the young man's parents and himself. "She knew," she vowed, "all about the Hanwells, everybody must know *about* the Hanwells if they did no more, and she should be only too happy to be connected with them, to have her daughter enter so—so—" for the life of her she could not think of any other word than "respectable," and as that would hardly have done to say, she was fain to do without an attribute, and finish off rather humbly with "such a family as the Hanwells."

It was at this juncture that the door flew open, and Teddy, — who had not been present, but who had managed nevertheless to learn, as he usually did, by means best known to himself, all that was going on, — Teddy now burst in with a face like a sunbeam, shook the visitor's hand for full two minutes, stared him in the face, and wound up with a laugh which we are bound to confess was suspiciously silly.

All, however, was taken in good part.

Mr. Hanwell was satisfied, more than satisfied, with his reception; and Lady Matilda devoted herself for the remainder of his stay towards keeping up the degree of complacency which had been already excited. In private, as we know, she clapped her hands. Lotta married and provided for, settled in a comfortable home, with a good, kind husband of her own choosing, within easy reach of Overton, yet not *too* near — not so near as to necessitate daily intercourse — oh, with her whole heart of hearts she blessed Robert Hanwell.

The wedding took place, and we know what the next event was.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### "IT IS NOT HER BEING YOUNG."

"Amoret, my lovely foe,  
Tell me where thy strength doth lie,  
Where the power that charms us so,  
In thy soul, or in thine eye?"

WALLER.

ALL this was very delightful, but it must be confessed that entirely content as Lady Matilda was with her son-in-law

as her son-in-law, in no other light could she have endured him.

He made Charlotte happy. Very well. That was all he had engaged to do, and in thus fulfilling his part of the marriage contract he was an undeniable success. As a husband he was a pattern, a model, faultless and flawless; as a creditable connection, even as an eligible match, he might very well pose for want of a better; as a neighbor, he did tolerably; but as a man, weighed in the balances, there was no concealing that he was very light weight indeed. The first blush of acquaintance had barely worn off, — he had hardly begun to be at home in the circle, and to assume a right to the seat by Lotta in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table, — ere it was seen and felt that he was eminently fit for her companionship, and pre-eminently unfit for that of any other member of the family.

He was not amusing, and he could not be amused. He was dull, and he liked being dull. Few things interested him, and nothing entertained him. In short, Lotta had fallen on her feet by thus obtaining her own counterpart in a consequential prig, who thought very little and talked a great deal, whose ideas seldom passed beyond the very narrow range of matters connected with himself or those belonging to him, who was never at a loss for material wherewith to enhance his own consequence, and who could not even, according to Lady Matilda, say "Good-bye" or "How d'ye do?" like other people.

The thing that was correct and proper to be done Robert would do; and yet how delightful it would often have been could he have been dissuaded from doing it! One may be very much in the right, and yet it would be better to be in the wrong.

For instance, Lady Matilda hated ceremony, and ceremony was the very marrow of Robert's bones, the very breath of his nostrils; and what was the upshot? We will not say that she grew to hate the formal young man because of his formality; but it is certain that sometimes when she associated the two in her own mind, it was not clear to her which she for the time least affected. Robert meant well certainly; and she was ready, upon reflection, to allow that it was his place to treat her with a certain amount of deference, but still — She could not rattle over in the dogcart to Endhill, but she must accept his arm out to her "carriage" when she left, or, worse still, endure his escort for all the long four miles home,

did she choose to return on foot. Nothing that she could do or say would deter him from a proceeding often really inconvenient to himself and infinitely distasteful to her, since he had made up his mind that he understood the etiquette on such points, and that even in the teeth of Lady Matilda's threats and entreaties, he would not fail in his duty. In vain she predicted rain, wind, snow, anything and everything that the elements could do, to save herself the infliction — she would have to give in and be taken home in state at last. She could not run in to see Lotta for five minutes, meaning no stiff call, but merely to fly out again as soon as her errand or inquiry was made, — she could not do this, but the long-necked, long-backed figure of Lotta's husband would stalk forth from somewhere about, and be all readiness to proceed by her side presently. Her direction was his; her time, his. She could not struggle with any success against attentions so becoming and suitable, and there was not even a window through which she could escape unseen.

Sometimes she had an unexpected ally, when Lotta would put in a fond remonstrance. "Dear Robert, you do not need; I am sure mamma would not wish it when you have a cold already." But the look given in return was meant to convince the speaker that dear Robert knew better what dear Robert should do than all the mammas in Christendom. He had not intruded into the drawing-room; he could quite understand that he might not be wanted there, that mother and daughter might occasionally prefer to meet without the presence of the proverbially unwelcome third, but the rest must be left to him; and this was one way in which the new member of the family could show himself both dull and dogged.

Again, when the young couple had to be invited over to the Hall, as was pretty often felt to be necessary — it was not precisely a pleasure, though no one said aloud as much — surely Robert might very well have declined for both when obliged to excuse one. *He* wrote the answer — he might have done it easily, had he seen fit. No offence would have been taken had he, in the roundest terms, asserted his inclination for his own fireside and his dear Charlotte's company, when Charlotte herself was unable to take the long drive and sit out the long dinner — and so he was assured. The truth was, that on the first occasion of a note being sent over when the young wife was known to be ailing, it had been comfortably pre-

dicted by Matilda that no acceptance need be apprehended from Robert, since he, who was so very particular on all such matters, would, were Charlotte to decline, infallibly think it only decorous to remain behind also.

Unfortunately Robert's decorum took another turn. He allowed that it was a pity that it should so have happened, and Lotta was extremely sorry to have to give up so pleasant a prospect, but for himself, he should be most happy to come; he would not have gone anywhere else *en garçon*, but going to Overton was quite another thing; and Lotta begged him to say from her, that she would have been quite vexed had he refused her people on her account. A friend had been invited to keep her company at home, and he had no doubt she would do very well, and be quite able for one evening to amuse herself.

"And three sides of a sheet about it!" cried the ungrateful Matilda at the close. She could have better liked a worse man, and that was the honest truth about Robert.

Nor was Mr. Hanwell in his way more enamored of his mother-in-law, on nearer acquaintance, than Lady Matilda was with him.

In some inexplicable fashion he was aggrieved by her beauty and intelligence, her ready wit and roguish eye; she was too happy, too merry, too — too — he could not exactly say what, — but there was a something incongruous between the lady and her position, which, in the sight of a young man who, with every fibre of his body and soul worshipped the god of propriety, was hardly to be borne with temper. Naturally he could not think of Matilda as Matilda. She was the late Mr. Wilmot's widow, Lotta's mother, and his own mother-in-law, — and it must be said for him, that such a mother-in-law was undoubtedly rather a queer sort of appendage to any man, let alone that Robert was himself thirty-three years of age, and quite willing to own to it; that he had settled down into matrimony with a hearty good-will; that he filled his waistcoat, changed his socks whenever the roads were wet, preferred a dogcart to a saddle, and dinners to dances.

On his marriage he had voluntarily surrendered whatever of youth he might once have possessed; he no longer cared to be called or thought of as a young man; and pray what did Lady Matilda mean by looking years his junior, and disdaining his hand over the fences?

Lotta had not half so springy a step as her mother. It was childish to be always joking, as Lady Matilda was. And precious little advice or help had Lotta's parent to give when it came to talking about sensible things, he could testify to that. On first taking up house, of course he had expected that Lady Matilda's opinion would have been all in all with her daughter, and that she would have been Lotta's stand-by amidst the inevitable difficulties and troubles of settling in; but he had soon found his mistake. Every mortal thing had Lotta arranged for herself; all the furniture she had chosen; she had hired her own servants and engaged her own tradespeople, — while Lady Matilda had only looked in to listen, and wonder, and smile. He liked Lady Matilda — at least he thought he did; but he wished, oh how he wished, that she stood in any other relation to himself than the one in which she did.

She was to him a provocation extraordinary. Almost every time the two came in contact, she, to use her own expression, fell foul of him, and that meant that he longed to speak for once openly, and conjure her to take more heed to herself, to take more care of what she said and did, to be more dignified, more reticent, more Lotta-like. Having been much of an authority under his paternal roof, and having laid down the law to half-a-dozen submissive sisters at a time, Robert could ill brook the thralldom now imposed by circumstances on his tongue, or refrain from lecturing the young madam when she did amiss.

Lotta, his dear, discreet Lotta, never, or at least hardly ever, needed an admonishing word; but to have straitly rebuked Lotta's mother, had Lady Matilda been any one else, would have been a delight for which his very soul thirsted.

And the wilful creature saw this, and took pains to make his burden heavier than he could bear. With the keenest relish she marked the remonstrance that was struggling to escape lips which resolutely forced it back; with twinkling eye she kept watch upon the uneasy frown, the restive twitch, the just uttered and hastily recalled syllable, — and then with the sweetest, naughtiest audacity that was ever seen, she would add such a touch as would send Robert to the right-about in a trice, fleeing from a temptation which might have proved too much for him.

He never did transgress. That is to say, he never had transgressed up to the time our story opens; but whether after

events did not overpower even his resolution remains to be seen.

As it was, he only found the situation very, abominably awkward.

"It's not her being young and that," he would aver. "It's not her being only thirty-seven, by any means. Thirty-seven is a very good age, a very good age indeed, — if Lady Matilda would only think so, and would only show that she thinks so. Thirty-seven; bless me! Thirty-seven. Why there are plenty of ladies are quite *passée* by thirty or thirty-five; and the married ones — and *she's* a married one, mind you — well, you don't think of them as young ladies, not as *young* ladies at all. They are getting on, at any rate; they are full-grown women; they think sensibly, and talk sensibly, about their children, and servants, and domestic affairs — these are the things that ought to interest women of Lady Matilda's time of life. There's Charlotte now, Charlotte not nineteen yet, — 'pon my word, if you saw her and her mother together, — at least I mean" — rather hastily, "if you *heard* them together, you would take Charlotte for the older of the two. You would indeed. Thirty-seven! I declare when I am thirty-seven I shan't want to be running the risk of breaking my neck over all the worst fences in the county, or twirling about by moonlight on the ice, as Lady Matilda did last winter. Poor Charlotte never got her skates on, but there was her mother out every evening, and she and Teddy had all the people round let into the park, and such goings on. Anybody might go that liked, — it was not at all the thing to do. And that was Lady Matilda to the life. She neither knows nor cares what's expected of her; she just does as she pleases, and listens to nobody. You never catch her of an afternoon sitting properly in her drawing-room, or driving in her carriage; she is either singing like mad out in the hall, or larking about all over the place with Teddy. I wish, upon my word, I wish any one could make her listen to reason, — but that, no one ever does. She has no more notion of what is befitting her position and dignity than a chambermaid. She makes fun of Lotta, — I tell you she does. She would make fun of me too if she dared, but I can take care of myself. We shan't quarrel, but I have no idea of letting myself be looked down upon by any one. Well," after a pause, "well, there's one comfort. Lady Matilda can't have the face to sport youth any longer once she's a grandmother."

The above reflection added yet one more drop to the fullness of his cup of complacency when Lotta's boy was born, and when, on the same afternoon, he stood dangling his watch and seals on the cottage doorstep awaiting the expected visitors from the Hall.

He had half hoped that Overton might come himself; but Overton, as usual, quite unconscious that anything of the sort was expected of him, had walked off in another direction, and had not even sent so much as a message. There were the other two, however, large as life; Lady Matilda gaily waving her hand as they cantered up the drive — Teddy with less alacrity, shaking his riding-whip.

There they were, calling out congratulations ere they reached the doorstep.

"So glad — so pleased — welcome news," began the young grandmother.

"Hush — hush — hush," cried Robert hastily.

"What's the matter? Nothing wrong?"

The speaker's note changed on the instant. "Nothing wrong, Robert?"

"Nothing in the least wrong. Oh dear no, far from it, — but we must be careful all the same. The sound of your voice —" looking up at the windows.

"Why, Lotta's room is round the corner; she can't possibly hear," said Lady Matilda, rather shortly. "You gave me a fright with your 'hush — hush — hush.' I was merely going to wish you joy."

"Many thanks. Allow me," Mr. Hanwell cut short the discussion by assisting her to alight, resenting in his heart the very light touch of her fingers as she did so, but nevertheless preceding with every courtesy his visitors to the drawing-room. "William, take the horses round, and go the back way — not under your mistress's window. Will you come in, too?" to Teddy, who was ruefully following. "I don't know if you can see baby, but I will inquire."

"Oh, I say, don't."

"Being in the dressing-room, it may not be convenient."

"Of course not. I'll go in here."

"And wait? Yes, if you kindly will." Robert nodded approbation. "Lady Matilda can go up-stairs at once — at least, I think she can. I fancy this is not a debarred hour — but though the nurse informed me all about the hours herself, I foolishly forgot to notice if it was from two to four, or from two to half past four."

"If what was?"

"The afternoon sleep; if the rooms were to be closed for the afternoon sleep,

you know. Of course *you* know all about such arrangements," Robert had a touch of malicious pleasure in the remark, for it was one of his favorite grievances that Lady Matilda never did seem to know about such things — never appeared in any way to have assimilated with matrimony and motherhood. "The afternoon sleep was to be for two hours or two hours and a half, and during that time no visitors were to be admitted, and of course I undertook that the rule should be carried out," he continued, as they ascended the staircase. "Now this way, please (as though she had never been in the house before), 'this way, and take care of the two steps down. This is the door, Lady Matilda.'" (Lady Matilda took him off to the life afterwards.) "This curtain is my contrivance, and I think you will approve it. The draught got in under the door, and the nurse — her name is Mrs. Burrble — she complained of it, so I set my wits to work. Now then, allow me" (of all his phrases, she disliked that "allow me" most) — "allow me, I can let you pass under perfectly." Tap, tap, at the door. "Nurse," said Robert, in his most portentous whisper, "Mrs. Burrble. May we come in?"

Lady Matilda laughed outright. She ought not to have done it. She might have been caught in the act either by the nurse or the gentleman, or both, and it would have been no excuse in their eyes that she really could not help herself. She ought to have helped herself, and it was only by the skin of her teeth that she escaped, since there was scarcely a moment between the tap at the door and the appearance of the portly nurse curtseying behind it. But fate was kind, and Mrs. Nurse was intent upon herself. It was not for some seconds that she looked at her lady visitor, and then — but we must tell what she had been doing. She had heard voices and steps outside the door, and divining as by instinct who the new-comer was, had utilized the pause which Mr. Hanwell made to explain his contrivance of the curtain, to whisk around the infant the shawl which grandmamma had sent. She now lifted her eyes as she displayed her charge with all the satisfaction of having been so sharp. She lifted her eyes and beheld grandmamma herself.

Grandmamma it was and must be. There was no mistaking the distinct enunciation, "Lady Matilda has come to see the baby, nurse," but — grandmamma!

Mrs. Burrble had heard indeed rumors of Lady Matilda's youth and beauty, and

she had figured to herself a comely dame, fresh-colored and well busked, rustling in with a train sweeping the carpet yards behind her; one who would fall into raptures over the darling boy, finding likenesses all round in every feature, and who would forthwith enter into close and confidential alliance with herself. She had meant to be very close and confidential with my lady, and to take even hints and advice in good part, if need be, since her ladyship would be sure to be good for a gold or silver bowl at the christening, and as likely as not, if she played her cards well, for a handsome silk gown for nurse herself.

A grandmamma was always a grandmamma, and though grandmammams in the house, "passing in and out and making no end of a work," Mrs. Burrble did not "hold with," a grandmamma four miles off, who would be content like a sensible lady to stop away till she was sent for, and would then come at just the right and proper hour, (by sheer good hap Lady Matilda had hit upon it) — such a grandmamma was "a paragraine;" and inspired by the above reflection, the worthy dame dropped her most respectful curtsy as the door opened, and raised her modest and expectant eyes to behold — Lady Matilda.

It was well she was accustomed to babies, — she nearly dropped the one she held in her amazement. It was well she was not spoken to, for she could not have answered. So mute was her bewildered stare, so nervous, so puzzled, so uncertain and confounded and unlike itself her manner, that Robert, who interpreted look, pause, and expression exactly aright, was annoyed and put out of countenance. He felt afresh that justice had not been done him in the matter of his mother-in-law, when here was this woman even, a stranger, a dependant, so aghast at the apparition before her as to be unable to conceal her feelings.

In the dusky light of the October afternoon, Lady Matilda's lithe figure, graceful in every motion, scarce showed that it was a trifle more full and rounded than it had been a dozen years before, her cheeks were bright with exercise and excitement, and her sparkling eyes, her quick step forward, her eager "Where is he?" all so unlike what should have been, what ought to have been, — gracious heavens, it was too much for any man's patience! Oh, why had he not been blessed with a connection more to the purpose? What had that radiant form, whose very pres-

ence seemed to bring in a glow of life, a breath of the fresh outer air into the little dark room, what had she to do with shaded windows, and silence, and — and baby-clothes?

Solemn and deferential as was the deportment of Lady Matilda's son-in-law at all times, it exceeded on this occasion what it had ever been before, since in the face of every adverse circumstance, rising above the perplexity and incongruity of his position and hers, Robert resolved to show that whatever might be Matilda's shortcomings, however young and gay and inconsequent she might show herself, he, at least, knew his place. "My dear Teddy, he nearly killed me," averred Teddy's sister afterwards. "I suppose he saw the joke; and the more he saw it, the less he liked it. The poor nurse, I pitied her: she must have had a severe time of it, rather. There were we two, — Robert hopping about all over the cradle to get out of my way —"

"All over the cradle! How you do talk!"

"And I not knowing on which arm to take the baby!"

"Well, you ought to have known, I suppose."

"I suppose I ought, but the fact remains that I did not, or, at any rate, that I had forgotten; and so what did I do but commit the heinous offence of taking it on the wrong arm! You should have seen Mrs. Gamp's face."

"Mrs. Gamp?" said Teddy bewildered.

"To be sure, yes. Her name is Burrble. How stupid of me to say Gamp! Teddy, see you remember that her name is Burrble, and never, never call her anything else. Mind that, Teddy. People are very particular about their names," said Matilda anxiously. "And then I expect you will be godfather," she ran on, glibly changing the current of Teddy's thoughts. "I am sure Robert will ask you."

"No, that he won't."

"Oh yes, he will; I am nearly sure he will. I am sure —"

"You may be as sure as you like, but you are wrong all the same. As to that baby, I didn't want it, I know; it's the greatest rot being a grand-uncle; but if it was to come, of course I ought to have been asked to be its godfather."

"And of course you will."

"Very well, you know best, of course; only I happen to have heard," said Teddy doggedly — "I happen to have heard the opposite. If you would only listen to me,



I could tell you not only who are to be asked, but who *have been* asked; for I saw the letters lying on the slab, waiting for the post."

"You don't say so, Teddy. Well?"

"And to make sure, I asked Robert."

"Oh, you did?—oh. You didn't ask Robert as if you had been looking, Teddy dear?" said Lady Matilda, rather dubiously.

"Not a bit of it. I merely pointed to the letters with my whip, as if they had just caught my eye. I had been looking at them all the time he was up-stairs with you. However, he was not to know that; so I poked them carelessly as we passed by, and said, 'Godfathers, eh, Robert?' in the easiest manner possible. So then he told me at once that he had written to them this morning."

"Bless the man! no grass grows under his feet. Well, Teddy," louder, "well, and who are they?"

"A Mr. Whewell, and a Mr. Challoner."

"A Mr. Whewell, and a Mr. Challoner. And who are they? What are they? Did you not hear anything about them?"

"Oh, I heard a lot, but I didn't listen."

"Stupid fellow. Why, I want to know. Why, Ted, my dear boy, how unutterably tiresome you can be when you try! Mr. Whewell, and Mr. Challoner. Depend upon it, Mr. Whewell is—stop, I know. He is that very clever amusing young barrister who came down in the summer. You remember? We all wondered how Robert ever contrived to pick up such a friend. I am glad it is Mr. Whewell. If Mr. Whewell should come down to Endhill, we must see him again; he must come and shoot at Overton and chirp us up a bit. Those Appleby girls will be glad to come and make up the party at dinner: we owe them something, and this will do exactly. Well, and Mr. Challoner? Challoner"—musing—"Challoner; that name I never heard before. Challoner! I rather like it. Teddy, can't you tell me something, anything, about this Mr. Challoner?"

"No," said Teddy calmly, "I can't."

"Not if he is old or young, rich or poor, black or white?"

"I don't know."

"Is he a school friend, or a college friend, or a relation friend?"

"I don't know."

"Is he—has he ever been here before?"

"I don't know."

"Is he——"

"Now, look here," said Teddy suddenly, "just you stop that. I don't mind your talking as much as you please—as much as Robert does, if you like,—but I won't have questions. It's no use questioning *me*; I ain't going to stand it. I have told you already that I don't know; and when I have once said 'I don't know,' nothing you can say will make me know."

#### CHAPTER V.

#### MATILDA LONGS TO TASTE THE DOUBTFUL CUP AGAIN.

"I live and lack; I lack and have;  
I have; and miss the thing I crave."

GASCOIGNE.

ROBERT HANWELL, like other people, sometimes hit the mark without knowing it.

In the two notes which he despatched inviting his two friends severally to stand sponsors for the new-born son and heir, and for that purpose to come down shortly to Endhill for the christening, he held out an inducement which neither of them could resist. It cannot be said that either of the gentlemen thus appealed to was devoted to Robert: he and his concerns were as little known as they were of little interest to them: his marriage had cost them each a present, and it appeared that the birth of his son was likely to do the same,—and that was about all,—or, at least, would have been all, had not to each invitation a clause been appended—a mere postscript, an after-thought it was—which made the announcement infinitely more interesting, and the summons more seductive. "The pheasant-shooting at Overton is remarkably good," wrote Robert, "and I have no doubt Lord Overton would be happy to give you a few days in the covers." He had folded up Challoner's note before even recollecting to say this, and indeed it was perhaps more the satisfaction of being able to answer for Lord Overton's obligingness than anything else which induced him to pause, unfold the sheet, add the P. S., and then say the same thing to Whewell. In the matter of shooting, Lord Overton was good nature itself, and could be counted on to grant a request for a day at any time; indeed, as it was so easily obtained, and as nobody either at Overton or Endhill cared much about it, Mr. Hanwell threw in the brief suggestion, as we have seen, in the background of his letter, little imagining the effect it would produce in

changing the aspect of the whole affair in the eyes of his friends.

Both, as it happened, were good shots, and neither was possessed of good shooting.

In consequence, they rose like greedy fish to the bait, and swallowed whole the tempting morsel, — indeed, while gladly agreeing "to be present on the interesting occasion," Robert might almost have seen in their eager assent a devout wish that it could have been held earlier. Challoner indeed went so far as to feel every time he looked at the sky, the soft, grey, cloudy October sky, that he was being defrauded of that day in the Overton woods; while Whewell, boxed up in dreary law courts and dismal chambers, solaced himself by getting through all the work he possibly could beforehand, in order to leave himself free, should the few days specified by his friend extend themselves to the length of a week. A week he might be able to spare, when pheasants were in the question.

And as to the chance of his being invited on, he had not very much anxiety on that head, since there were not many things he could not compass if he had a mind to do so; neither were there many people he could not get round. As for Robert Hanwell! Robert Hanwell would most certainly do as he was bid.

Two "very happys" accordingly were received at Endhill, two silver mugs were promised, and two gentlemen would be forthcoming when wanted.

"I told you they would be pleased," said Robert, as he read aloud the replies to his wife. "I felt that they would, and it really is something to please a man like Whewell, Lotta. Whewell is quite one of the most rising men of the day; I had my doubts about asking him — asking him to come down here at least; to a man so overwhelmed with work it almost seemed — but, however, I thought he could only refuse. You see he does not refuse; he accepts in the pleasantest manner possible; and so does Challoner. To tell the truth, I did not fancy it was much in Challoner's line either. Challoner is peculiar. Well, Lotta, we are fortunate in everything, you and I; I trust, my dear, I trust," added the young man with a sense of saying something serious — "I trust we always shall be."

Lotta trusted so too, and agreed with dear Robert in everything. There never was so good a patient, so admirable a mother. She ate, drank, slept, rested, nursed her infant, did everything Mrs.

Burble told her, and of herself refrained from doing anything which Mrs. Burble would have forbidden her; and the upshot of it all was, that at the end of three weeks, the neat little brougham was brought round from the stables, and into it stepped Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hanwell, baby and nurse, and off they all drove to Overton to pay a state visit.

"Well, and when are they coming?" inquired Lady Matilda, who by this time knew all about the expected guests, and took the liveliest interest in their approach. "And has the day been fixed?"

"Yes indeed, mamma — Sunday next; I thought you knew," replied Mrs. Lotta, with her little air of superiority. "I am sure I told you," added she.

"Sunday? That's not proper. Do you allow people to arrive on a Sunday?"

"My dear mamma, what do you mean? No people are going to arrive on a Sunday. I said baby's christening was to be on Sunday." And in the young matron's tone was heard plainly enough, "You really are a very tiresome person, but I have to put up with you!" — "Surely it was the christening you inquired about?" concluded Lotta wearily.

"Yes, yes — yes, of course; at least something of the sort." Poor Lady Matilda blushed a little, for to be sure it was something of the sort of which she ought at least to have been thinking, and not of two young gallants of whom she knew nothing or next to nothing, and with whom she need have nothing whatever to do. It was absurd her caring whether they came or not; and yet visitors — that is to say, visitors of the right sort — were so very few and far between at the Hall, that her curiosity might have been pardoned. Overton had never made a friend, while Teddy had had, as years went on, to be gently weaned from his, — and the consequence was that, as Matilda would now and then in a freak of *ennui* declare, no one but old women and poor relations ever found their way to the Hall.

"And how well you look, dear!" cried she now; "and what a little darling he is! Grandmamma's cloak and hood too. Give him to me, nurse; I know the proper arm to take him upon by this time. Look, Overton; Overton, you have not half enough admired my grandson, and yet I do believe that it is you whom he is like."

"Indeed, my lady, I do declare it is then," chimed in the nurse, to whom a lord was a lord, and who would have sworn a resemblance to Beelzebub himself could she have hailed him as a relation.

"Indeed I saw it from the very first — from the day his lordship was over at Endhill, did I not, ma'am?" appealing to her own lady.

"He is a little like Uncle Overton about the — hair," said Lotta doubtfully.

"Or lack of it," observed her other uncle.

"A most decided likeness, I think," pronounced Robert, to the surprise of all. But the truth was the likeness was there, and somehow they had hit upon it among them. The ugly little baby was like its ugly little grand-uncle; and the father, who had been one of the first to catch the resemblance, now resolved to avow the same manfully.

"What an absurd baby you are!" cried Matilda, delighted with the scene, "to go and choose Overton, of all people. Now if it had been Teddy or me — *we* are the beauties of the family, aren't we, Teddy? So if you had done that, how much more wise and sensible you would have shown yourself, little master, eh!"

"Mamma," began Lotta's reminding voice.

"Dear Overton, you are not beautiful," pursued the heedless Matilda —

"I think we are making much too long a visit," interposed Robert.

"And so the poor little man has to go because he is like you," concluded the wicked grandmother.

She begged Overton's pardon with tears of laughter afterwards: she made both him and Teddy merry with her representation of the scene, by turns perking herself up upon the sofa to mimic Mrs. Lotta's prim attitude; bustling about to show the politic nurse, deaf and blind apparently to anything amiss; or edging herself towards the door with every gesture of Robert's — the pompous, annoyed, tongue-tied Robert, so visibly, palpably disapproving, and yet so helpless, — nothing had been lost upon her. It was not until some time afterwards that she recollected that, after all, no more had been known after the visit than before it of the brilliant Whewell, and the unexplored Challoner.

She had indeed interrogated her son-in-law, though to little purpose.

Whewell he appeared to stand in some awe of, and to know very little about; while regarding Challoner he had but one idea, — "It struck me that he was a suitable person," he said.

"A suitable person?" quoth Matilda, in reply. "A suitable person. Oh, I think," drily, "I think, Robert, I under-

stand;" for by this time Robert's predilection for "suitable people" was no secret to her.

"So now, Teddy, we shall see what we shall see," nodded she thereafter — namely, on the afternoon when the two gentlemen were due at Endhill, and when the brother and sister, bearing ostensibly Overton's invitation to shoot and dine, but in reality gratifying their own curiosity, hurried over to inspect. "We shall see what we shall see," said Matilda, speaking for both as was her wont, though the desire to see was perhaps only her own.

She it was who alone cared for a novelty at Overton Hall, and it was only now and then that she did so care. Why she did at all it is not, however, difficult to imagine, when it is remembered that she was a woman, and a woman who, while happy in seclusion, could nevertheless shine in society. She liked — could she help it? — being admired and applauded. She had felt now and then the fascination, the thrill of being *first* with some one — the loadstar of one pair of eyes, the magnet for one pair of feet — *the* ear for one speaker, *the* thought of one thinker. Yes, she knew what it felt like to be that. It felt nice. Even when nothing came of it, — and nothing as we know ever had come of it — since the late Mr. Wilmot's courtship had been conducted on the least romantic principles, and could not therefore be considered in the running, — even when nothing came of it, there still remained a recollection of something different from the ordinary, everyday comfort of matter-in-fact life. The glamor had been cast on her path once and again, and she had dreamed, and she had suffered. People had predicted that Lady Matilda Wilmot would infallibly be caught again some day, and it had been whispered that a deadly mischief had been done to the heart of this one and that one; that poor Lord George had left the Hall with a longer face than the one he brought there, and that Colonel Jack had changed his regiment and gone abroad soon after his long wintry visit at Overton. He had said he could not stand another English winter, and perhaps that was why he had never reappeared in the neighborhood. Every one blamed the lovely widow; but perhaps, after all, mistakes are made sometimes.

Those days, however, are past and gone, and if wounds have been made or received, they are healed by time's blessed hand. Lord George is wedded, the colo-

nel toasts "the ladies" without a tremor, and the lady in particular, the lady to whom his thoughts refer, thinks of him with equal ease and tenderness. He is become a pleasant memory, and even the painful spot is sunlit in the past.

Yes, a heart-whole woman lives at the Hall, a woman with all a woman's hopes and fears — fain to look forward, yet neither ashamed or reluctant to look back, — able to do without lovers, but not unwilling, not altogether loath — oh, Teddy, beware! Oh, Teddy, as you gallop along the soft, wet sward, under the dropping leaves, beneath the murky sky, beware, beware, — by fits and starts Matilda longs to taste the doubtful cup again.

From The National Review.  
THE LITERATURE OF SEVEN DIALS.

THE classic domains of the "New Cut," as some of our readers may be aware — extend for half a mile or so along a broad thoroughfare which cuts the two main roads of Westminster and Waterloo. On a Saturday evening, from dusk until past midnight, this busy thoroughfare is crowded from end to end with buyers and sellers of wares so countless in variety as almost to defy enumeration. Shops line both sides of the way, stalls edge the pavement and stretch far out into the roadway; costermongers, hucksters, cheap Johns, beggars, and quack doctors hold nooks wherever they can be found; while crowds of men, women, and children, all intent, with noisy cries, on buying and selling, fill almost every other available yard of space.

It is the great market for the poor man on the Surrey side; and here may be had, at the lowest possible cost, all that he, his wife and children, need for the support of the body, and more than they hope to gain for that of the mind — meat fresh and salt, fish, potatoes raw and roasted, bread, flour, butter, grocery of every kind, old clothes, toys, flowers, fruit, umbrellas, cutlery, liver-pills (with a diagram), china, door-mats, chairs, pictures, mountains of watercress, millinery, clocks, sarsaparilla, and a host of cocktails hot and cold, sandwiches, sewing-machines, garters, music, tortoiseshells, gingerbread, spades, pickles — (quid plura?) — and last, though not least, pens and ink, books, and, above all, STREET BALLADS. And these form the special subject of our present paper.

Before, however, turning to them, we

glance for one moment at the three book-stalls which we have noticed on our way down "the Cut," round each of which is a busy group of intending buyers, old and young, all eagerly scanning some one of the wares laid out for their special edification. The stock in trade is much the same at 1, 2, and 3, comprising about a hundred grimy octavos, and as many more odd numbers of still grimmer magazines and reviews — all ranging in price from one penny to sixpence. Among the bound volumes we see Blair's "Sermons," White's "Farriery," a ragged copy of Plutarch's "Lives," "The Armenian War," "Domestic Medicine," Smith's "Discourses," and six clean copies of the *Month*, a Roman Catholic monthly; a stray copy of voyages, and a Valpy's "Delectus" — all together forming a pasture-land of exceeding dryness. The magazines are more succulent, and include *Temple Bar*, *Gospel Missionary*, *Macmillan*, a tattered *Quarterly*, and a pile of nondescripts in the last phase of ragged dissolution.

These waifs and strays, however, are but as tassels in the meagre fringe of the literature of "Seven Dials" — an unsavory region, yet, in spite of its unsavoriness, long known as the headquarters of the great publishing houses of the halfpenny ballads, once issued in tens of thousands by old Jemmy Catnach,\* and now by his successors, Disney and Forster, who are to the *profanum vulgus* of these degenerate days what

Longman, Brown, Rees, Orme, and Green,  
Those fathers of the Row,

were to the world of fashion in the days of Walter Scott.

We speak advisedly when we say tens of thousands, as may be clearly seen from the one fact that of the

*Dying Speech and Confession  
of Rush the Murderer*, . . . 2,500,000 copies  
*Dying Speech and Confession  
of Courtoisier Greenacre*, . . . 1,600,000 "

were sold within a few months; in comparison with which the popularity of all contemporary poets put together fades into insignificance.

We have now before us about a hundred ballads, each printed on a thin half-sheet of paper, and headed with a grim woodcut, in most cases having not the

\* In 1821 Catnach was at the height of his fame in Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, as a printer of halfpenny ballads, at times having two or three presses working night and day to keep pace with the constant demand.

remotest connection with the subject of the poem. Chiefly written on the spur of the moment, they travel over a wide range of topics, including war, politics, love, religion, history, acts of daring and bravery, and sudden calamities by land or sea; while a few are simply humorous or sentimental. Few are indecent, and still fewer profane; profanity and indecency being the special condiments demanded for seasoning songs for the music-hall and such dens of a like poisonous nature as are unhappily to be found in most of the metropolitan public-houses. These form a class by themselves, for the special edification of the poor idlers who haunt such places to smoke, drink, and listen to ribaldry which, as mere composition, is no better than the poorest trash of Seven Dials, and in point of good sense, taste, and manliness, is a thousand times worse. With this poisonous trash we have at present no further concern.

We turn gladly to our immediate subject, the halfpenny ballads. If Disney and Fortey be regarded as the high priests of this wondrous literature, Seven Dials is the shrine; known and famous as long ago as the days of "delightful old Vinney Bourne," as Cowper calls him, and even then as the seat of song.

*Qua septem vicos continerant una columna  
Consistent Nymphæ Sirenum ex agmine binæ.*

The *column* has long ago vanished, but the inspiration abides, and the sirens still sing; while the question of authorship, in the majority of cases, remains as great a mystery as that of the Homeric poems themselves. They are cleverly written, and for the most part, on the spur of the moment, especially if the theme be some sudden disaster, calamity, or good news. Should a wreck, a fire, or a railway accident happen, the news spreads through London like wild fire, and, before night, is embalmed in immortal verse by one of some half-dozen well-known bards who get their living by chanting their own strains to the people. The inspiration of the bard is swift, the execution rapid, the pay small. "I gets a shilling apiece," says one,\* "for my verses, besides what I can make by selling 'em." A thousand or two, or ten thousand, copies are struck off at once, and the "Orfe Calamity" or "Orrid Murder" is soon flying over London from the mouths of a dozen or twenty minstrels in Leather Lane, White-chapel, Tottenham Court Road, or the

New Cut, wherever a crowd can be safely got together.

News comes of the great victory at Tel-el-Kebir, and at once, in its own fashion, the New Cut celebrates the famous Sir Garnet Wolseley — about whom fierce debate was raised last session in the House of Commons, and whom not a few gallant members counted unworthy of a pension. Whatever he may have seemed in the House of Commons, there can be no doubt of his being a hero in Seven Dials. From first to last the song is a song of triumph: —

Such glorious news the other day

Was spread throughout the nation,

How the Egyptian's\* ran away,

From where they'd took their station.

Sir Garnet with his artful ways

Has took them out of winding

He dropped on them at break of day

And a tartar they did find him.

This gallant man had formed a plan

And the battle he has won it,

The enemy's hide he meant to tan,

And by jingo! he has done it.

Having cleared the way with this bold burst of praise for the gallant commander, the poet goes on to describe how the army crept across the sands like mice, through pitch darkness, the Highlanders, *more suo*, dashing on to the charge,

With bagpipes screaming and humming,

followed no less madly by the Connaught Rangers, and with an impetuosity that swept all before them. Two of the four following symbolic warrior names sound oddly enough, but there can be no doubt as to their prowess: —

Patsey and Micky, *Denny* and *Cuth*

Was at a game they all delight in.

They trod on the tails of the enemy's coats,

And stuck to them like leeches,

and then, fairly carried away by the fervor of inspiration, the bard soars aloft into a metaphor of daring hyperbole hard to match: —

By the piper of Moses *the bayonets spoke*

Very loud in the enemy's breeches.

After this triumphant outburst, of course, he again sinks back to the dead level of mere recitative; every man deserves praise, honor, laurels from a grateful country; the generals were "good as gold," fighting like Englishmen, and making "the eyes of foreigners open wide," while, as for the Royal Marines —

\* It is to be noted that every ballad is quoted *verbatim*, *literatim*, and, if we may so say, *punctuatim*.

\* Mayhew's London Poor.



Shell and shot disturb them not,  
To their post they will be sticking,  
If three to one the enemy's got  
They can make up their minds to a licking.

## CHORUS.

Then a cheer for every man we'll give,  
No men in the world are bolder,  
Long may Sir Garnet Wolseley live,  
For he's every inch a soldier.

So much for the glories of a successful campaign.

Let us turn now to the more sober joys and sorrows of a raw recruit. He, so he tells us in artless simplicity, was "walking up Ratcliffe Highway" when a recruiting party enlisted him, "*and treated him till he did not know,*" i.e. till he suddenly found himself the next morning in barracks, with a splitting headache and empty pockets. Having there and then at once deserted, he next "*finds himself handcuffed, guarded, and in irons,*" and thus bewails his day:—

Court-martial, court-martial they held upon me,  
And the sentence passed on me three hundred and three,  
May the Lord have mercy on them for their sad cruelty,  
For now the Queen's duty lays heavy on me.

But in spite of this heavy burden, and in spite of the mystical three hundred and three (lashes?) he again deserts; capture and court-martial follow, and he is sentenced to be shot. From this dire calamity the poet only can deliver him, nor does the genius of the bard fail to rise to the supreme exigence of the moment, and obey the great canon of "*Nec Deus intersit,*" in such a glowing stanza as—

Then up rose Prince Albert in his coach and six,  
Bring to me the young man whose fate it is fixed,  
So cast off his irons and let him go free,  
He will make a good soldier for his Queen and country

We are not quite sure how far the present commander-in-chief and Lord Hartington will agree with this view of desertion as the making of a good soldier; but there can be no doubt that it expressed the popular view of the question, and of the good prince himself, in 1854, since which time the ballad has kept its ground as a favorite.

From this we turn to "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which the poet celebrates in a metre, and with a wild defiance of rhythm, that would jar sadly on the ear

of Mr. Tennyson, from whom, by the way, he has stolen more than one idea.

In most funereal prose opens stanza the first:—

'Tis many years since that eventful Crimean war,  
Left many a sad and aching heart in sorrow to deplore

&c. &c.

But in a trice we are in the very thick of the conflict, the wild fury of

## THE CHORUS.

Bayonets charging, bombs and mortar,  
Dying groans from every quarter,  
Down the valley of death this daring charge was made,  
By the lion-hearted heroes of the Light Brigade.  
And though they knew that someone had blundered

Though the fierce artillery thundered  
Into the jaws of death, like fury, undismayed  
Rushed the lion-hearted, &c.

Winding up, after a few more fiery charges to the same tune, with the pious hope that, enshrined in honor, glory, and fame, their laurels may never fade.

Space will not permit us to do more than glance at other warlike themes, such as in "The Soldier's Farewell," which opens thus:—

Behold in me a noble warrior,  
An excellent son of Mars,  
Behold in me a noble jester,  
With battle wounds and scars.

&c. &c.

You may never see your soldier any more.

and after some thirty or forty lines of mock heroics, concludes with a dash of grim satire:—

On the fierce plains of Aldershot  
You will find my body covered o'er,  
And the large birds of prey will carry me away,  
And you'll never see, &c. &c.

Ashamed, apparently, of this, the poet suddenly rises into a truer strain:—

Here upon guard am I,  
Willing to do or die,  
Fighting for queen and country too,  
Fighting for home so dear.  
Cannons are there in sight  
Bayonets to left and right,  
And hearts that know no fear.

Song like this prepares us right well for a still higher strain of a quasi-political kind, entitled "For Honor's Sake," where in we find that—

Since the days of Nelson brave,  
Who did wonders on the wave,

Since the time when with Napoleon we'd a row,  
 Since the founding of our throne,  
 Every patriot will own,  
 We have seldom been in such a state as now.

Then let envy be crushed,  
 And all politics be hushed,  
 Let every sect and creed united be;  
 In honor we are bound,  
 And soon it will be found,  
 That we are still supreme o'er land and sea.

Scotch, English, Irish, and Welsh are  
 bound together again and again, by their  
 loyalty to the throne; for though, as the  
 poet says, in another page, —

Speak well I can of the true French man  
 The Germans, the Danes, and the Dutch,  
 Yet I will maintain on land or main,  
 We three can keep our watch.  
 For, to say my mind, no man can you find  
 Like the English, Irish, and Scotch.

In point of patriotic loyalty, therefore,  
 and of reverence for good Prince Albert  
 (about whose wedding there are enthusi-  
 astic ballads yet afloat), Seven Dials is  
 true to the backbone; though they look  
 askance at some of the "doings in Par-  
 liament," and especially at the Sunday  
 Bill: —

The Government are not content, oh! what a  
 jolly crew,  
 I cannot think says old John Bull whatever  
 they mean to do;  
 Some stunning alterations they will very soon  
 propose,  
 For the comfort of the Shamrock, and the  
 Thistle, and the Rose.

What they mean to do is what many  
 honest people, besides Seven Dials, are  
 just now wondering, not only with regard  
 to

The Barber too who will have to rue from  
 Saturday to Monday,  
 They'll make him swallow his lather-box if he  
 shaves upon a Sunday,  
 But Bradlaugh, too, and the godless crew who  
 believe in nothing at all,  
 But the rights of man, and Mrs. Besan, the  
 cobbler's wax and awl.

This naturally brings us to other great  
 topics of the day, and among them that of  
 the "Salvation Army." It may be worth  
 the general's while to note what is thought  
 of his doings by the thousands in Seven  
 Dials: —

I'll amuse you if you listen to me  
 And with me I'm sure you'll agree  
 If you want converting properly  
 Why join the Salvation Army.

To the Grecian theatre you must go,  
 They'll wash your sins as white as snow,  
 And your dirty shirts as well you know,  
 When first you belong to the Army.

*For lots of pretty girls you'll meet*  
 They smile upon you nice and sweet,  
 The operation's quite a treat  
 When first you join the Army.

And yet the mob who listen to and en-  
 joy such stuff as this are by no means  
 destitute of nobler and better feeling; but  
 can appreciate higher and better things,  
 when set before them with reverence and  
 good taste. One of their favorite songs  
 begins thus: —

God bless the little church round the corner,  
 The shrine of holy charity and love,  
 Its doors are ever open unto sorrow,  
 Blessing fall on it from above.

The rich and the poor are equal 'neath its por-  
 tals,  
 And be our path in life whate'er it may,  
 No heart that needed comfort in affliction  
 Was ever turned uncomforted away.

Dismally poor in point of composition,  
 and worthless as verse, this contains truth  
 of a high order, which all the tomfool-  
 eries of trumpet and drum not only fail to  
 offer, but actually desecrate. Here and  
 there, too, may be found a touch of ten-  
 derness and grace not unworthy of a place  
 among hymns of a far higher order.  
 What can be better, for example, in its  
 simple fashion, than such a verse as  
 this? —

It's Sunday evening, children,  
 Then by the ember's light  
 We'll read the family Bible,  
 That dear old guide to right;  
 Between its leaves a treasure  
 Lies hidden, which I'd save,  
 It's a little green leaf which I pluck'd in my  
 grief  
 From the side of your dear mother's grave.  
 When withered, old, and faded,  
 And I am called from here,  
 Preserve its mouldering ashes,  
 Keep them forever dear.

Side by side with it, on the same half-  
 penny sheet, may come some such vulgar  
 rant as we have just before quoted; or a  
 scrap of such doggerel as —

In the battle of blood and fluster,  
 We fought among the Alps,  
 That's where I got this medal and clasp,  
 With many wounds and scalps.

But "The Little Church round the  
 Corner," and "The Little Green Leaf in  
 the Bible" still hold their own, and may  
 sow a seed for good in a thousand hearts.

But it is time, now, to turn to the more sentimental and humorous ballads, in which, if the fun be sometimes dreary, and the sentiment taste strongly of milk and water, there are traces of real humor and of right feeling. Here and there the fun is rather broad, and wanders into indelicacy; but these blots are few and far between, and not half so indecent or poisonous as many a French novel in vogue at the West End, and to be found at —'s library. Here is a picture of "a moral family" of the straight-laced sort:—

In a moral square in Pimlico in the nineteenth century,

There dwelt a moral family, of a moral certainty,

The mother was a woman, the father was a man,

The children they were boys and girls, Tom, Harry, Nell, and Fan;

They only witnessed moral plays, their literature was tracts,

They sat at table as tho' they had pokers up their backs,

They put the table-legs in *draws* (sic) as it was plain to see,

They were six moral members,

Six straight-back moral members,

Six mouldy moral members of a moral family.

Rhyme and humor not of the most sparkling order, it must be confessed, but nothing very offensive or outrageous, even in the final verse, where the poet tells us:

They had an ancient Thomas cat, a cat of iron nerve,

His tail would disclose morality in every wave and curve,

Seductive voices from the tiles never led him out,

For he was a moral pan-tile member,

A keep-your-distance member,

The only Tom cat I remember that could keep his morals free.

At which final climax the crowd in the New Cut breaks out into a roar of noisy laughter—as well they may. But when the minstrel turns, by way of a change, to a dirge-like effusion named "The Out-cast," and begins, in solemn tones, to chant as follows,—

I'm a man that's in troubles and sorrow,

That once was light-hearted and gay,

Not a coin in the world can I borrow,

Since my own I have squandered away.

I once wronged my father and mother,

&c. &c.,

loud cries suddenly arise of "Shut up, shut up!" a hint which the singer takes with wonderful alacrity and good-humor, and forthwith starts off into a vein of

a totally different character, in "The Wreck," a bold and startling ballad of heroism to the last line. Plunging at once in *medias res*—

Quick! man the boat and save yourselves,

The ship is sinking fast,

The water rises inch by inch, she must go down at last;

My place is here whate'er betide,

You yet may reach the land,

I order you to quit the ship, the ship I still command.

To this heroic determination the gallant captain clings; all hands quit the sinking vessel, which at this tremendous crisis takes fire, and leaves him time but to proclaim his doom in these mysterious words:—

Thank God that I am left alone to such a fearful fate,

The powder's stored beneath me! (or?) I might alas! to late.

Leaving this heroic sailor to perish in the flames, we glance for a moment at life in the country, its joys, sports, and sorrows. "The Squire, or Far from the Madding Crowd," gives a sketch of a gentleman whose "piece" of mind being destroyed by the noise of London, especially of organ-grinders, resolved to escape from "the hurly-burly," and retire to a quiet place in Blankshire. After many mishaps, his mansion was ready, and his gardens were laid out. But, alas! instead of the scent of roses, which he loved, he was greeted on all sides with the stench of ditches. Losing his way as he rambled over the fields, and driven to inquire for it of a gaping rustic, the only answer he could get was a vacant grin; the bantams crowed, but wouldn't lay eggs; the flowers declined to bloom, visitors in the shape of old maids bothered him in shoals, until in despair, the bard exclaims,—

Said the squire it's quiet, I know,

And it's not that I'm any way proud,

But for comfort I shouldn't advise you to go,

Too far from the madding crowd.

But though this hapless squire found country life was a dead mistake, he might have joined in the joys of "The Fox Chase," to the following rattling summons:—

Come, come my brave sportsman and make no delay,

Quick saddle your horses, and let's brush away.

For the Fox is in view, and is kindled with scorn,

Come along my brave sportsmen, and join the shrill horn.

The pace must have been killing and tremendous, more than fifty long miles, not only over hedges, over ditches, over gates, but *over stiles*; for it is on record that

They followed him in chase six hours full cry  
Tally ho hark away, for now he must die,  
Now we'll cut off his brush, with a halloing  
noise,  
And drink good success to fox-hunting boys.

Or, if not inclined to the pursuit of Reynard, he might, as "the squire" and a magistrate, have tried to put down *poaching*, which, strange to say, is a favorite theme among the ballads; but of which, still stranger to say, Seven Dials seem to understand as much as they do about the meaning and management of the spectro-scope. As to the sport itself, there can be no mistake; thus sings the bard, in Ballad No. 1:—

Come all ye lads of high renown,  
That love to drink good ale that's brown,  
That pull the lofty pheasant down.

But as to the motive and intent, the two ballads are at cross purposes. According to No. 1:—

Me and five more a poaching went  
To kill some game was our intent  
Our money being gone and all was spent  
*We had nothing else to try.*

But according to the No. 2, a gang of *Oakham poachers*,—

On the ninth of January  
Against the laws contrary  
Five young men unwary  
A poaching went, we hear.

Having thus entered on a lawless career, they incontinently—

Epping old wood did ramble  
And fired at pheasants at random  
Among the bushes and brambles  
Which brought the keepers near.

These keepers, however, knew well what they were about, and dared not encounter the deadly band of five:—

The keepers did not venture  
Nor care the woods to enter,  
But *outside, near the centre*,  
In ambush there they stood.

Whereas, in Ballad 2, we read:—

The keeper heard us fire the gun,  
To the spot he quickly run,  
And swore before the rising sun  
That one of us should die.

Of the fearful combat that ensued it is most difficult to glean any authentic details. In one stanza we find that

At length *young Perkins fired*  
He spilt the keeper's blood.

In another—

Deep was the wound *the keeper gave*  
No mortal man his life could save,  
He now lies sleeping in the grave,  
Until the judgment day.

But of the final issue of the fight—and to this we call special attention—there can be no doubt whatever. Thus runs the lofty invocation of the opening stanza:—

Young men in every station  
That live within this nation,  
Pray hear my lamentation,  
A solemn mournful tale.

The five unwary young men of Oakham are all captured, and hurried off, dead or alive, to jail; doomed—

While locked up in their midnight cells,  
To hear the turnkeys boast their bells,  
Those crackling doors we bid farewell,  
And the rattling of those chains.

An awful stanza, indeed, which fully prepares the reader to join in the prayer of verse 7:—

May He Who feeds the ravens  
Grant them peace from Heaven,  
May their sins be forgiven  
Ere they resign their breath.

While, if inclined to unlawful sports, it warns him to remember the sad fate of the Oakhamites, and listen to the voice which cries,—

So all young men take warning  
And don't the law be scorning,  
For in our day just dawning  
We are cut off in our prime.

It is difficult to pass from such a theme as this to the quieter domain of politics, but our lessening space bids us hasten on. Of the "Doings in Parliament," we have already spoken, and must now only note it as being both poor and vulgar, though popular; passing on to "Gladstone is the Captain of the Ship John Bull," the only other political ballad to be found in our long list, though during the ministry of "Disraeli" squibs of this kind were abundant. Having started, in flowing metre, with the fact—

There is a good ship afloat and John Bull is  
its name  
Throughout this world we know it's gained  
such a wide-spread fame,

the bard proceeds with lusty voice to chant the praises of Britannia as mistress of the sea, the ship, her captain, and her

crew. Not, however, with much heart, for presently we find —

Although no doubt some day we'll see the  
Tories back again,  
To steer the ship John Bull across the fierce  
and angry main,  
But Gladstone told us long ago *the good he*  
*meant to do*  
So for the present we will wait, and have faith  
in his crew.

The captain, at all events, we must add, seems to be a long time in setting about his task, and the bard, with wise prevision, concludes as follows:—

For whether we be Liberal or Tory matters  
not,  
Provided that in Parliament some clever men  
we've got,  
If enemies insult us they will quickly get their  
fill  
They soon will find their master here upon our  
ship John Bull.

After this rather tame, if patriotic, aspiration, in which Seven Dials joins with murmurs of general applause, we have barely time to glance at "Home Rule for Ireland," which thus opens:—

'Tis many years ago in Ireland you must know  
Since happiness sat down upon the land,  
Her sons they once were free and the star of  
liberty  
Shone gloriously on every Irishman.

But let us bar the door on the days that are  
no more

There's a light beaming o'er us from afar,  
If you listen unto me, I will tell you d' ye see,  
The sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

This seems promising; but like many another patriot, the hero of Mullingar has little comfort to offer, and even that of the dreariest kind. Having told us that in London "they boast of Parliament being lost," that "Gladstone may rave all idly o'er the wave," that O'Connell and Grattan vainly shouted for Home Rule, he has but to declare that the only hope of the nation is John Martin:—

This hero ever bold her miseries to unfold  
Ireland for the Irish will maintain.  
Then let us all unite to drink this toast to-  
night,

May happiness revisit Erin's shore,  
For the plan of Isaac Butt from the palace to  
the hut,  
Is Home Rule for Ireland evermore.

What Isaac's plan really was the poet does not reveal; and with that final "evermore" the ballad suddenly ends, without a hint of dynamite, boycotting, or the other hideous weapons to which some

other distinguished patriots of late have clearly pointed. We commend to Messrs. Healey and Parnell the sober sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

With regret we have to pass, with the very scantiest notice, a host of miscellaneous ballads, all curious in their way, and each with a character of its own. Among these are "The Death of Sayers," the champion of England, who, after winning sixteen hard fights, and losing but one, has departed to a land where his knowledge of the manly art of self-defence will be useless:—

He is gone to that silent bourne  
Where he must lay till the Judgment day,  
No more he can return.

To that same land, also, we are glad to hear that another worthy has departed in "Robert Stephenson's gone, God rest him":—

He died like a lamb, did that wonderful man,  
Generations to come will long bless him,  
*Up aloft he has gone*, never more to return,  
The Father of Railways, God rest him.  
Signed, John Morgan Orcht St. S.W.

A stanza worthy of note, not only because we have a new simile instead of the invariable "silent bourne," but because it is the only ballad which bears the author's name.

We must also pass in rapid survey, "God Bless the Women," though it opens with so admirable a sentiment as—

I sing in praise of woman, and it will not you  
surprise,  
I can prove that lovely woman is an angel in  
disguise,

and with equal rapidity "Be kind to Your Wife;" tho'

A woman's the blessing the pride of our life  
We really must all confess.

And, as for the wretch that strikes his wife  
— may perdition be his doom,  
May she beat him with the fire-shovel up and  
down the room.

With still greater reluctance we pass "The Masonic Hymn," the only one of its kind, though it introduces us to the "royal robe"

Which Noah he did wear when in the ark he  
stood,  
When the world was destroyed by a deluging  
flood;

and touches, in swift and exact succession, on Jerusalem, the Virgin Mary, Moses, Eden, Adam, Mount Horeb, the Twelve Lights, Abraham, and St. Peter!

Nor can we stay to quote more than a

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line from "The Temperance Alphabet," which, among other wise and witty truths, tell us that —

**S** stands for Signs of the Crown or the Rose,  
The drunkard he carries his Sign on his nose ;

or to mourn over the "Awful Calamity at Bradford," although —

Bradford lies in mourning,

For her sons and daughters now,

Who, without a moment's warning,

To a fearful fate did bow.

For young and old in the grave lie cold,

A fearful death they died.

But from this wide domain of sentiment, war, politics, and religion, we now finally come to the ghastly regions of crime, especially that of murder. Of these "Dying Speeches and Confessions" there are about a dozen before us, stretching from the hideous murder of "Maria Martin in the Red Barn," (1825), down to that of poor Percy M. John by G. H. Lamson, his brother-in-law. These constitute a distinct class of ballads; being printed on a larger sheet, fully illustrated, and selling at a higher price. In the old days of Rush and Manning, when the hangman did his ghastly work in public, these sheets at once attained an enormous circulation, which has gradually dwindled down from hundreds to tens of thousands. They are all pretty much alike; each containing a grim woodcut of the murderer and of the victim; but, above all, in the centre of the sheet, a still grimmer outline of the wretch himself, standing on the fatal drop, the parson in full canonicals, and a stern warder at hand bearing a bunch of keys. Below, in newspaper English, follows a brief account of the trial, the demeanor of the prisoner, his passage to the gallows, and the hoisting of the black flag; succeeded by six or eight stanzas of the poorest doggerel, but doggerel in which there is both good sense and right feeling.

For the wicked crime of murder George Lamson now must pay,  
And with his life upon the gallows end,  
His wife's brother he with poison so cruelly did slay,  
And unprepared to meet his Maker send.

Nowhere is to be found a word of maudlin sympathy with, or pity for, the scoundrel who stands with a white nightcap over his head and a rope round his neck, but only stern, rhadamanthine justice. Even for the infamous Kate Webster there is not a grain of mercy: —

Take warning by a wretched creature,  
Who now in sorrow her death doth wait,  
While tears are streaming down every feature,  
No one will pity her awful fate.

While as for the crafty poisoner Lamson, these are the poet's tenderest words:

For the sake of paltry money this murder you have done,  
No doubt thinking the crime you could conceal,  
But the eye of God was watching, and Justice it has come,  
And to all people's eyes it does reveal.

This may be sorry rhyme, and still sorer verse; but beyond all doubt there is in it a voice of sound, right feeling, to which Seven Dials is not deaf. Throughout the whole dozen of dying speeches, etc., the same spirit is to be traced. "It's the same poet as does 'em all," says one street patterer,\* and "no more nor a bob for nothing." This was paltry pay under any circumstances, but still more so when it is remembered that a golden harvest is reaped out of every terrible murder — to the tune of at least fifty thousand copies.

Our survey of Seven Dials literature has been hasty, and not so complete as could be wished; but, taken as a whole, it proves that the moral tone of the ballads, if not lofty, is not low. There is not a word in praise of vice or drunkenness, but there are many words in praise of right feeling, honor, truth, and friendship. There is not the faintest sympathy with the filthy school of atheism, of which sounds are now to be heard in the House of Commons and the law courts, but which, if Northampton† cobblers glorify it, the heart of England repudiates. There is a clear recognition of an Almighty ruler of the world, a love of fair play, an old-fashioned liking for what is true and brave, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a deep current of loyalty to the throne and to old England.

These are hopeful and good signs for the future. If the poets of Seven Dials are sadly profuse in faulty rhymes, metre, and spelling, it is not because their hearers have any peculiar relish for such enormities, but simply because they have no chance of any better diet. If any real poet of nobler tastes, and nobler rhyme, and nobler powers, were to arise, and sing to the listening thousands in good, plain ringing Saxon such topics as Seven Dials loves to hear — of men and women great

\* Mayhew's London Poor.

† One ballad, indeed, was afloat a year or two ago about Bradlaugh, but it would not sell, and died out.

in goodness or in vice, of life and death in their widest sense, of human sorrows and human joys — whether in Monmouth Court or in Windsor Castle — he would achieve a swift immortality among those whose words die not. The sooner he comes, the better.

B. G. JOHNS.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
IN THE WRONG PARADISE.  
AN OCCIDENTAL APOLOGUE.

IN the drawing-room, or, as it is more correctly called, the "dormitory," of my club, I had been reading a volume named "*Sur l'Humanité Posthume*," by M. d'Assier, a French follower of Comte. The mixture of positivism and ghost-stories highly diverted me. Moved by the sagacity and pertinence of M. d'Assier's arguments, I fell into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter as caused, I could see, first annoyance and then anxiety in those members of my club whom my explosion of mirth had awakened. As I still chuckled and screamed, it appeared to me that the noise I made gradually grew fainter and more distant, seeming to resound in some vast empty space, even more funereal and melancholy than the dormitory of my club, the "Tepidarium." It has happened to most people to laugh themselves awake out of a dream, and every one who has done so must remember the ghastly, hollow, and maniacal sound of his own mirth. It rings horribly in a quiet room where there has been, as the Veddahs of Ceylon say is the case in the world at large, "nothing to laugh at." Dean Swift once came to himself, after a dream, laughing thus hideously at the following conceit: "I told Apronia to be very careful especially about the legs." Well, the explosions of my laughter crackled in a yet more weird and lunatic fashion about my own ears as I slowly became aware that I had died of an excessive sense of the ludicrous, and that the space in which I was so inappropriately chuckling was, indeed, the fore-court of the house of Hades. As I grew more absolutely convinced of this truth, and began dimly to discern a strange world visible in a sallow light, like that of the London streets when a black fog hangs just over the houses, my hysterical chuckling gradually died away. Amusement at the poor follies of mortals was succeeded by an awful and anxious curiosity as to the state of immortality and the life after death.

Already it was certain that "the *manes* are somewhat," and that annihilation is the dream of people sceptical through lack of imagination. The scene around me now resolved itself into a high grey upland country, bleak and wild, like the waste pastoral places of Liddesdale. As I stood expectant, I observed a figure coming towards me at some distance. The figure bore in its hand a gun, and, as I am short-sighted, I at first conceived that he was the gamekeeper. "This affair," I tried to say to myself, "is only a dream after all; I shall wake and forget my nightmare."

But still the man drew nearer, and I began to perceive my error. Gamekeepers do not usually paint their faces red and green, neither do they wear scalp-locks, a tuft of eagle's feathers, mocassins, and buffalo-hide cloaks, embroidered with representations of war and the chase. This was the accoutrement of the stranger who now approached me, and whose copper-colored complexion indicated that he was a member of the Red Indian, or, as the late Mr. Morgan called it, the "Ganowanian" race. The stranger's attire was old and clouted; the barrel of his flint-lock musket was rusted, and the stock was actually overgrown with small funguses. It was a peculiarity of this man that everything he carried was more or less broken and outworn. The barrel of his piece was riven, his tomahawk was a mere shard of rusted steel, on many of his accoutrements the vapor of fire had passed. He approached me with a stately bearing, and after saluting me in the fashion of his people, gave me to know that he welcomed me to the land of spirits, and that he was deputed to carry me to the paradise of the Ojibbeways. "But, sir," I cried in painful confusion, "there is here some great mistake. I am no Ojibbeway, but an Agnostic; the after-life of spirits is only (as one of our great teachers says) 'an hypothesis based on contradictory probabilities;' and I really must decline to accompany you to a place of which the existence is uncertain, and which, if it does anywhere exist, would be ungenial in the extreme to a person of my habits."

To this remonstrance my Ojibbeway Virgil answered, in effect, that in the enormous passenger traffic between the earth and the next worlds mistakes must and frequently do occur. *Quisque suos patimur manes*, as the Roman says, is the rule, but there are many exceptions. Many a man finds himself in the paradise

of a religion not his own, and suffers from the consequences of the fact that all religions are equally true. This was, in brief, the explanation of my guide, who could only console me by observing that if I felt ill at ease in the Ojibbeway paradise, I might, perhaps, be more fortunate in that of some other creed. "As for your Agnostics," said he, "their main occupation in their own next world is to read the poetry of George Eliot and the philosophical works of Mr. J. S. Mill." On hearing this, I was much consoled for having missed the entrance to my proper sphere, and I prepared to follow my guide with cheerful alacrity, into the paradise of the Ojibbeways.

Our track lay, at first, along the "path of souls," and the still, grey air was only disturbed by a faint rustling and twittering of spirits on the march.\* We seemed to have journeyed but a short time, when a red light shone on the left hand of the way. As we drew nearer this light appeared to proceed from a prodigious strawberry, a perfect mountain of a strawberry. Its cool and shining sides seemed very attractive to a thirsty soul. A red man, dressed strangely in the feathers of a raven, stood beside the fruit, and loudly invited all passers-by to partake of this refreshment. I was about to excavate a portion of the monstrous strawberry (being partial to that fruit), when my guide held my hand and whispered in a low voice that they who accepted the invitation of the man that guarded the strawberry were lost. He added that, into whatever paradise I might stray, I must beware of tasting any of the food of the departed. All who yield to the temptation must inevitably remain where they have put the food of the dead to their lips. "You," said my guide, with a slight sneer, "seem rather particular about your future home, and you must be especially careful to make no error." Thus admonished, I followed my guide to the river which runs between our world and the paradise of the Ojibbeways. A large stump of a tree lies half across the stream, the other half must be crossed by the agility of the wayfarer. Little children do but badly here, and "an Ojibbeway woman," said my guide, "can never be consoled when her child dies before it is fairly expert in jumping. Such young children they cannot expect to meet again in paradise." I made no reply, but was reminded of some good and un-

happy women I had known on earth, who were inconsolable because their babes had died before being sprinkled with water by a priest. These babes they, like the Ojibbeway matrons, "could not expect to meet again in paradise." To a grown-up spirit the jump across the mystic river presented no difficulty, and I found myself instantly among the wigwams of the Ojibbeway heaven. It was a remarkably large village, and as far as the eye could see huts and tents were erected along the river. The sound of magic songs and of drums filled all the air, and in the fields the spirits were playing *la crosse*. All the people of the village had deserted their homes and were enjoying themselves at the game. Outside one hut, however, a perplexed and forlorn phantom was sitting, and to my surprise I saw that he was dressed in European clothes. As we drew nearer I observed that he wore the black garb and white necktie of a minister in some religious denomination, and on coming to still closer quarters I recognized an old acquaintance, the Rev. Peter Mc-Snadden. Now Peter had been a "jined member" of that mysterious "U. P. Kirk" which, according to the author of "Lothair," was founded by the Jesuits for the greater confusion of Scotch theology. Peter, I knew, had been active as a missionary among the Red Men in Canada; but I had neither heard of his death nor could conceive how his shade had found its way into a paradise so inappropriate as that in which I encountered him. Though æver very fond of Peter, my heart warmed to him as the heart sometimes does to an acquaintance unexpectedly met in a strange land. Coming cautiously behind him, I slapped Peter on the shoulder, whereon he leaped up with a wild, unearthly yell, his countenance displaying lively tokens of terror. When he recognized me he first murmured, "I thought it was these murdering Apaches again;" and it was long before I could soothe him, or get him to explain his fears, and the circumstance of his appearance in so strange a final home. "Sir," said Peter, "it's just some terrible mistake. For twenty years was I preaching to these poor painted bodies' anent heaven and hell, and trying to win them from their fearsome notions about a place where they would play at the ba' on the Sabbath, and the like shameful heathen diversions. Many a time did I round it to them about a far, far other place—

Where congregations ne'er break up  
And sermons never end!

\* These details are borrowed from Kohl's account of the Ojibbeway faith.

And now, lo and behold, here I am in their heathenish Gehenna, where the Sabbath day is just clean neglected; indeed, I have lost count myself, and do not know one day from the other. Oh, man, it's just rideec'lous. A body — I mean a soul — does not know where to turn." Here Peter, whose accent I cannot attempt to reproduce, burst into honest tears. Though I could not but agree with Peter that his situation was "just rideec'lous," I consoled him as well as I might, saying that a man should make the best of every position, and that "where there was life there was hope," a sentiment of which I instantly perceived the futility in this particular instance. "Ye do not know the worst," the Rev. Mr. McSnadden went on. "I am here to make them sport, like Samson among the Philistines. Their paradise would be no paradise to them if they had not a paleface, as they say, to scalp and tomahawk. And I am that paleface. Before you can say 'scalping-knife' these awful Apaches may be on me, taking my scalp and other leeberties with my person. It grows again, my scalp does, immediately; but that's only that they may take it some other day." The full horror of Mr. McSnadden's situation now dawned upon me, but at the same time I could not but perceive that, without the presence of some paleface to torture — Peter or another — paradise would, indeed, be no paradise to a Red Indian. In the same way Tertullian (or some other early father) has remarked that the pleasures of the blessed will be much enhanced by what they observe of the torments of the wicked. As I was reflecting thus two wild yells burst upon my hearing. One came from a band of Apache spirits who had stolen into the Ojibbeway village; the other scream was uttered by my unfortunate friend. I confess that I fled with what speed I might, nor did I pause till the groans of the miserable Peter faded in the distance. He was, indeed, a man in the wrong paradise.

In my anxiety to avoid sharing the fate of Peter at the hands of the Apaches, I had run out of sight and sound of the Ojibbeway village. When I paused I found myself alone, on a wide, sandy tract, at the extremity of which was an endless thicket of dark poplar-trees, a grove dear to Persephone. Here and there in the dark sand, half buried by the fallen generations of yellow poplar leaves, were pits dug, a cubic every way, and there were many ruinous altars of ancient stones.\*

\* The following details are from Homer, Pindar,

On some were engraved figures of a divine pair, a king and queen seated on a throne, while men and women approach them with cakes in their hands or with the sacrifice of a cock. While I was admiring these strange sights, I beheld as it were a moving light among the deeps of the poplar thicket, and presently saw coming towards me a young man clad in white raiment and of a radiant aspect. In his hand he bore a golden wand whereon were wings of gold. The first down of manhood was on his lip; he was in that season of life when youth is most gracious. Then I knew him to be no other than Hermes of the golden rod, the guide of the souls of men outworn. He took my hand with a word of welcome, and led me through the gloom of the poplar-trees.

Like Thomas the Rhymer, on his way to Fairyland —

We saw neither sun nor moon,  
But we heard the roaring of the sea.

This eternal "swooning of a flode" was the sound made by the circling stream of Oceanus, as he turns on his bed, washing the base of the white rock, and the long, desolate sands of the land of dreams. So we fled on onwards till we came to marvellous lofty gates of black adamant, that rose before us like the steep side of a hill. On the left side of the gates we beheld a fountain flowing from beneath the roots of a white cypress-tree, and to this fountain my guide forbade me to draw near. "There is another yonder," he said, pointing to the right hand, "a stream of still water that issues from the Lake of Memory, and there are guards who keep that stream from the lips of the profane. Go to them and speak thus: 'I am the child of earth and of the starry sky, yet heavenly is my lineage, and this yourselves know right well. But I am perishing with thirst, so give me speedily of that still water which floweth forth of the mere of Memory.'\* And they will give thee to drink of that spring divine, and then shalt thou dwell with the heroes and the blessed." So I did as he said, and went before the guardians of the water. Now they were veiled, and their voices, when they answered me, seemed to come from far away. "Thou comest to the pure, from the pure," they said, "and thou art a suppliant of holy Persephone. Happy and most blessed art thou, advance to the reward of the crown desir-

and an Orphic inscription on a golden plate found in a tomb at Petelia.

\* This is the invocation from the golden Orphic plate.

able, and be no longer mortal, but divine." Then a darkness fell upon me, and lifted again like mist on the hills, and we found ourselves in the most beautiful place that can be conceived, a meadow of that short grass which grows on some shores beside the sea. There were large spaces of fine and solid turf, but, where the little streams flowed from the delicate-tinted distant mountains, there were narrow valleys full of all the flowers of a southern spring. Here grew narcissus and hyacinths, violets and creeping thyme, and crocus and the crimson rose, as they blossomed on the day when the milk-white bull carried off Europa. Beyond the level land beside the sea, between these coasts and the far-off hills, was a steep, lonely rock, on which were set the shining temples of the Grecian faith. The blue seas that begirt the coasts were narrow, and ran like rivers between many islands not less fair than the country to which we were come, while other isles, each with its crest of clear-cut hills, lay westward, far away, and receding into the place of the sunset. Then I recognized the Fortunate Islands spoken of by Pindar, and the paradise of the Greeks. "Round these the ocean breezes blow and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendor, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands."\* And, as Pindar says again, "for them shineth below the strength of the sun, while in our world it is night, and the space of crimson-flowered meadows before their city is full of the shade of frankincense-trees and of fruits of gold. And some in horses and in bodily feats, and some in dice, and some in harp-playing have delight, and among them thrive all fair flowering bliss; and fragrance ever streameth through the lovely land as they mingle incense of every kind upon the altars of the gods." In this beautiful country I took great delight, now watching the young men leaping and running (and they were marvellously good over a short distance of ground), now sitting in a chariot whereto were harnessed steeds swifter than the wind, like those that "the gods gave, glorious gifts, to Peleus." And the people, young and old, received me kindly, welcoming me in their Greek speech, which was like the sound of music. And because I had ever been a lover of them and of their tongue, my ears were opened to understand them, though they spoke Greek neither as we read it

nor as Professor Blackie most Scottishly intones it. Now when I had beheld many of the marvels of the Fortunate Islands, and had sat at meat with those kind hosts (though I only made semblance to eat of what they placed before me), and had seen the face of Rhadamanthus of the golden hair, who is the lord of that country, my friends told me that there was come among them one of my own nation who seemed most sad and sorrowful, and they could make him no mirth. Then they carried me to a house in a grove, and all around it a fair garden, and a well in the midst. Now stooping over the well, that he might have sight of his own face, was a most wretched man. He was pale and very meagre; he had black rings under his eyes, and his hair was long, limp, and greasy, falling over his shoulders. He was clad somewhat after the manner of the old Greeks, but his raiment was woe-fully ill-made and ill-girt upon him, nor did he ever seem at his ease. As soon as I beheld his sallow face I knew him for one I had seen and mocked at in the world of the living. He was a certain Figgins, and he had been honestly apprenticed to a photographer; but, being a weak and vain young fellow, he had picked up modern notions about art, the nude, plasticity, and the like, in the photographer's workroom, whereby he became a weariness to the photographer and to them that sat unto him. Being dismissed from his honest employment, this chattering must needs become a model to some painters that were near as ignorant as himself. They talked to him about the Greeks, about the antique, about paganism, about the Renaissance, till they made him as much the child of folly as themselves. And they painted him as Antinous, as Eros, as Sleep, and I know not what, but whatever name they called him he was always the same lank-haired, dowdy, effeminate, pasty-faced photographer's young man. Then he must needs take to writing poems all about Greece, and the free ways of the old Greeks, and Lais, and Phryne, and verily he made "Aeolus" rhyme to "control us." For of Greek this fellow knew not a word, and any Greek that met him had called him a *κόλλοψ*, and bade him begone to the crows for a cursed fellow, and one that made false quantities in every Greek name he uttered. But his little poems were much liked by young men of his own sort, and by some of the young women that wear puffed sleeves, and cannot skate, nor play lawn-tennis, nor swim, nor pull an oar, nor sit a horse,

\* From Mr. E. Myers's Pindar.



nor sew a plain seam. But death had come to Figgins, and here he was in the Fortunate Islands, the very paradise of those Greeks about whom he had always been prating while he was alive. And yet he was not happy. A little lyre lay beside him in the grass, and now and again he twanged on it dolorously, and he tried to weave himself garlands from the flowers that grew around him; but he knew not the art, and ever and anon he felt for his button-hole wherein to stick a lily or the like. But he had no button-hole. Then he would look at himself in the well, and yawn and wish himself back in his friends' studios in London. I almost pitied the wretch, and, going up to him, I asked him how he did. He said he had never been more wretched. "Why," I asked, "was your mouth not always full of the 'Greek spirit,' and did you not mock the Christians and their religion? And, as to their heaven, did you not say that it was a tedious place, full of pious old ladies and Philistines? And are you not got to the paradise of the Greeks? What, then, ails you with your lot?" "Sir," said he, "to be plain with you, I do not understand a word these fellows about me say, and I feel as I did the first time I went to Paris, before I knew enough French to read the master's poems.\* Again, every one here is mirthful and gay, and there is no man with a divinely passionate potentiality of pain. When I first came here they were always asking me to run with them or jump against them, and one fellow insisted I should box with him, and hurt me very much. My potentiality of pain is considerable. Or they would have me drive with them in these dangerous open chariots,—me that never rode in a hansom cab without feeling nervous. And after dinner they sing songs of which I do not catch the meaning of one syllable, and the music is like nothing I ever heard in my life. And they are all abominably active and healthy. And such of their poets as I admired—in Bohn's cribs, of course—the poets of the Anthology, are not here at all, and the poets who are here are tremendous proud toffs" (here Figgins relapsed into his natural style as it was before he became a Neopagan poet) "and won't say a word to a cove. And I'm sick of the Greeks, and the Fortunate Islands are a blooming fraud, and oh, for paradise, give me Pentonville." With

these words, perhaps the only unaffected expression of genuine sentiment poor Figgins had ever uttered, he relapsed into a gloomy silence. I advised him to cultivate the society of the authors whose selected works are in the Greek *Delectus*, and to try to make friends with Xenophon, whose Greek is about as easy as that of any ancient. But I fear that Figgins, like the Rev. Peter McNadden, is really suffering a kind of punishment in the disguise of a reward, and all through having accidentally found his way into what he foolishly thought would be the right paradise for him.

Now I might have stayed long in the Fortunate Islands, yet, beautiful as they were, I ever felt like Odysseus in the island of fair Circe. The country was lovely and the land desirable, but the souls were not there without whom heaven itself were no paradise to me. And it chanced that as we sat at the feast a maiden came to me with a pomegranate on a plate of silver, and said, "Sir, thou hast now been here for the course of a whole moon, yet hast neither eaten nor drunk of what is set before thee. Now it is commanded that thou must taste if it were but a seed of this pomegranate, or depart from among us." Then, making such excuses as I might, I was constrained to refuse to eat, for no soul can leave a paradise wherein it has tasted food. And as I spoke the walls of the fair hall wherein we sat, which were painted with the effigies of them that fell at Thermopylæ and in Arcadion, wavered and grew dim, and darkness came upon me.

The first of my senses which returned to me was that of smell, and I seemed almost drowned in the spicy perfumes of Araby. Then my eyes became aware of a green soft fluttering, as of the leaves of a great forest, but quickly I perceived that the fluttering was caused by the green scarfs of a countless multitude of women. They were "fine women" in the popular sense of the term, and were of the school of beauty admired by the faithful of Islam, and known to Mr. Bailey, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," as "crumby."\* These fond attendant nymphs carried me into gardens twain, in each two gushing springs, in each fruit, and palms, and pomegranates. There were the blessed reclining, precisely as the Prophet has declared, "on beds the linings whereof are brocade, and

\* Poor Figgins always called M. Baudelaire "the master."

\* The details of the Moslem paradise are from the Koran, iv. lvi.

the fruit of the two gardens within reach to cull." There also were the "maids of modest glances," previously indifferent to the wooing "of man or ginn." "Bright and large-eyed maids kept in their tents, reclining on green cushions and beautiful carpets. About the golden couches went eternal youths with goblets and ewers, and a cup of flowing wine. No headache shall they feel therefrom," says the compassionate Prophet, "nor shall their wits be dimmed." And all that land is misty and fragrant with the perfume of the softest latakia, and the gardens are musical with the bubbling of countless narghilés; and I must say that to the Christian soul which enters that paradise the whole place has, certainly, a rather curious air, as of a highly transcendental Cremorne. There could be no doubt, however, that the faithful were enjoying themselves amazingly—"right lucky fellows," as we read in the new translation of the "*Qur An*," for so the learned call the Koran of our ignorance. Yet even here all was not peace and pleasantness, for I heard my name called by a small voice, in a tone of patient subdued querulousness. Looking hastily round, I with some difficulty recognized, in a green turban and silk gown to match, my old college tutor and professor of Arabic. Poor old Jones had been the best and the most shy of university men. As there was never any undergraduate in his time (it is different now) who wished to learn Arabic, his place had been a sinecure, and he had chiefly devoted his leisure to "drawing" pupils who were too late for college chapel. The sight of a lady of his acquaintance in the streets had at all times been alarming enough to drive him into a shop or up a lane, and he had not survived the creation of the first batch of married fellows. How he had got into this thoroughly wrong paradise was a mystery which he made no attempt to explain. "A nice place this, eh?" he said to me; "nice gardens, remind me of Magdalene a good deal. It seems, however, to be decidedly rather gay just now, don't you think so? Commemoration week perhaps, a great many young ladies up, certainly; a good deal of cup drunk in the gardens too. I always did prefer to go down in Commemoration week, myself; never was a dancing man. There is a great deal of dancing here, but the young ladies dance alone, rather like what is called the *ballet*, I believe, at the opera. I must say the young persons are a little forward; a little embarrassing it is to be alone here, especially as I have for-

gotten a good deal of my Arabic. Don't you think, my dear fellow, you and I could manage to give them the slip? Run away from them, eh?" He uttered a timid little chuckle, and at that moment an innumerable host of houris began a *ballet d'action* illustrative of a series of events in the career of the Prophet. It was obvious that my poor, uncomplaining old friend was really very miserable. The "thornless loto trees" were all thorny to him, and the "tal'h trees with piles of fruit, the outspread shade and water out-poured" could not comfort him in his really very natural shyness. A happy thought occurred to me. In early and credulous youth I had studied the works of Cornelius Agrippa and Petrus de Abano. Their lessons, which had not hitherto been of much practical service, recurred to my mind. Stooping down I drew a circle round myself and my old friend in the fragrant white blossoms which were strewn so thick that they quite hid the grass. This circle I fortified by the usual signs employed, as Benvenuto Cellini tells us, in the conjuration of evil spirits. I then proceeded to utter one of the common forms of exorcism. Instantly the myriad houris assumed the forms of irritated demons; the smoke from the uncounted narghilés burned thick and black; the cries of the frustrated gins who were no better than they should be rang wildly in our ears; the palm-trees shook beneath a mighty wind; the distant summits of the minarets rocked and wavered, and with a tremendous crash the paradise of the faithful disappeared.

As I rang the bell, and requested the club-waiter to carry away the smoking fragments of the moderator-lamp which I had accidentally knocked over in awaking from my nightmare, I reflected on the vanity of men and the unsubstantial character of the future homes that their fancy has fashioned. Houses founded on the clouds are the heavens of the popular creed, mansions in which one man's joy is another's torment. The ideal heavens of modern poets and novelists, and of ancient priests, come no nearer than the drugged dreams of the angekok and the biraark of Greenland and Queensland to that rest and peace whereof it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive. To the wrong man each of our pictured heavens would be a hell, and even to the appropriate devotee each would become a tedious purgatory.

A. LANG.

From The Saturday Review.

## A FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY.

## I.

IN the enormous mass of historical materials which Italy possesses, it is scarcely wonderful that the more homely materials for its history have as yet been somewhat neglected. There were so many writers who were men of letters that they naturally held the first place. There is such a number of State papers, of letters of ambassadors and of political reports, that every year brings before the student new materials for understanding the political life of Italy. Only recently has the publication of more obscure records been undertaken. We have yet much to learn of the life and opinions of the ordinary Italian during the great period of Italian history. We know enough of the intrigues of statesmen; we need to know more of what men talked in the streets and discussed in the tavern. Writers on the Italian Renaissance, and their name is legion, follow one another in elevating abnormal characters into ordinary types. We want to know something more about the plain man, the ordinary citizen. We want to compare him with others of his class at other times.

The newly published Diary of Luca Landucci (*"Diario di Luca Landucci dal 1450 al 1516: con annotazioni da Fadoco del Badia."* Firenze: Sansoni, 1883), a good Florentine apothecary, gives us most valuable materials for this purpose. The diary extends from 1450 to 1516, and covers the most momentous epoch of Florentine history. Luca Landucci felt the panic into which Florence was thrown by the conspiracy of the Pazzi. He saw the signs and wonders that foretold the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. He was carried away by the rapid changes of fortune which befell the city when Lorenzo's guiding hand was gone. He witnessed the expulsion of the Medici, the coming of the French, the loss of Pisa, the revival of the republican government. He listened awestruck to the preaching of Savonarola, and believed his lofty predictions of a coming time when Florence was to shine forth as a city set on a hill, and was to present a pattern of righteousness to a regenerated world. He wept over the downfall of the mighty prophet and the sad dissipation of his dreams. He marvelled over the strange form which the papal policy assumed under the direction of Cesare Borgia. He rejoiced when the weak government of the Florentine re-

public made way for the stronger hand of Piero Soderini. He lived long enough to see Soderini fail in his task, and retire before the restoration of the Medici. Loyal to his belief in the destinies of Florence, he died trying to persuade himself that his city was to begin a new career of greatness through its close connection with the splendors of the pontificate of Leo X.

Luca Landucci makes no efforts after graces of style. He was an apothecary, and not a man of letters. He does not aim at any consistency in his political opinions, but records from day to day what he saw and what he thought. He did not write with any view to publicity; but he wished his grandchildren to know what had happened, in case that they might be summoned to take a more leading part in affairs than he had aspired to. The simplicity, the frankness, the unpretentiousness of Luca Landucci make his pages most fascinating reading. Before we can estimate his historical value we must learn to know him as a man.

Luca Landucci was one of the two sons of a Florentine citizen who was fairly well-to-do. He owned a small estate at Dicomano, in the valley of the Sieve, and inherited from his mother some houses in Florence. Luca was the eldest son, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to an apothecary in the Mercato Vecchio. He followed the same trade all his life, and experienced all the vicissitudes of a commercial career. After six years' apprenticeship, Luca, at the age of twenty-two, was discontented with a salary of fifty florins. He resolved to go into partnership with a friend and open a new shop. He found, like many others, that the hope of larger gains made him lose what was certain. His partner was extravagant, and would not be content with beginning in a humble way. Luca's capital was soon exhausted. He withdrew from his thoughtless partner on the best terms he could, and went back to a subordinate position with a diminished salary of thirty-six florins. There he gathered more experience, till at the age of thirty he married, and with his wife's dowry furnished a shop at the corner where the Via della Vigna Nuova and the Via della Spada run into the Via Tornabuoni. At first he was hard pressed to make a livelihood, but his business gradually established itself. After fourteen years he was able to build himself a new shop opposite the Strozzi Palace. There he lived till his death in 1516, listening to the loung-

ers who frequented his shop, observant of affairs around him, submissive to those in authority, strong in his trust in God's providence, and happy in his family life. His wife Salvestra was a "dear companion, good and virtuous, so that she had no equals." He enjoyed forty-eight years of peaceful married life, and records that his wife never provoked his anger. She bore him twelve children, of whom seven survived her death. Engaged with the care of his shop and of his farm at Dicomano, Luca Landucci lived a contented life to the age of eighty.

His younger brother, Costanzo, was more adventurous, but not so fortunate. He had a taste for horse-racing, and travelled in the Levant in quest of Barbary horses. He was successful in his pursuit, and in four years won twenty prizes. Once at Siena there was a doubt between his horse and one of Lorenzo de' Medici's. Costanzo, "through reverence to Lorenzo," did not urge his claim, and allowed the prize to go to Lorenzo. Another time at Siena, seeing that he had won easily, he dismounted and jumped upon the winning-post. The judges decided against him on the ground that he had not passed the post. His devotion to horses was in some manner the cause of his death, but Luca does not exactly tell us how.

The character and opinions of Luca Landucci are sufficiently shown in his pages. His disposition was kind, cheerful, and contented. He accepted a life of honest industry as that of the greatest happiness. His object was to do his duty in the state of life into which it had pleased God to call him. He was content to take the share of good things that fell to his lot, and was convinced of the wisdom of pursuing the golden mean. The restless ambition of the great and powerful amazes and distresses him. After narrating the death of Pandolfo Petrucci of Siena, in 1512, he exclaims, "Oh how much more sensible it is to stand in a lowly place than to wish to tower over others! It is less dangerous to soul and body alike. If great and rich men were wise, they would flee from the wish for domination, which only exposes them to hatred. They would be content with their wealth, apply themselves to the common good, become famous in commerce and in an honorable and Christian life, give much of their gains to God's poor, and love their country with an upright heart." Luca Landucci expresses the moral ideal of the prosperous middle class in all ages.

But Luca was ready to apply his principles in practice. He taught himself to accept the misfortunes of life with submission. He did not expect a career of uninterrupted prosperity even in a lowly state. He tells of many disasters that befell himself. Let us take the chief one:—

On August 2, 1507, as it pleased my God, my house where I dwelt, next to my shop, caught fire, and I lost all my furniture and effects, to the value of more than 250 gold ducats. I had to remake everything, and my son Antonio lost more than 50 ducats, a rose-colored cloak, a violet tunic, both new, and all his other clothes and silken doublets, besides his books, which were worth more than 25 ducats. I, with my three other sons, remained in our shirts; Battista jumped from his bed, naked as he was born, because the fire seized his bed where he was sleeping, and rushed out to borrow a shirt from the neighbors. But since I accept adversity and prosperity alike, I give great thanks for the one as for the other to the Lord; wherefore I pray that He may pardon my sins and send me all such things as are for His glory. May God always be praised by all His creatures; and with this medicine every man can heal all his pains and weakness.

With this conception of the supreme excellence of an industrious and contented life, Luca Landucci was not much moved by the outward signs of power or of splendor. The ambition of princes did not appeal to him; their magnificence did not awaken his envy or call forth his admiration. He was convinced of the futility of most of the objects of human effort. On the death of Lorenzo de' Medici he observes:—

This man was in the world's opinion the most glorious man that could be found, and the richest, and had the greatest power and reputation. Every one said of him that he governed Italy, and truly he had a wise head, and succeeded in all things. He had done what no citizen had for long accomplished—he had raised his son to the Cardinalate. He had ennobled not only his own house, but the whole city. And with all this he could not go an hour further when his time had come. Man, man, what reason have you for pride? The true attribute of man is true humility and kindness, and to count God as everything and all else as nothing, except in so far as God has made it good. May He pardon my sins, and pardon him who is dead as I wish that He may pardon me; and likewise all human beings.

In like manner Luca saw from his shop windows the stately walls of the Strozzi Palace rising day by day, but felt no envy of its rich possessor. He tells us how

Filippo Strozzi died in 1491, when the walls had not yet reached the height of the windows. "You may well understand what are our hopes of these transitory things. It seems that man is their lord; but it is just the opposite, they are the lords over us. This palace will stand almost forever; see if this palace has been lord of him, and of how many more it will still be lord. We are stewards and not lords, as far as God's goodness pleases."

Having this contented view of life, Luca was above all things a kindly man, forgiving others and trusting for their forgiveness. When his son Benedetto was attacked in the dark and severely wounded in the face, Luca observes, "It was for our sins. I freely pardon him who wrought this wrong, as I wish the Lord to pardon me, and I pray God to pardon him, and not for this condemn him to hell." The quality that filled Landucci with the greatest horror was cruelty. "Cruel men," he exclaims, "generally come to an ill end, and the merciful never end ill." He regards the defeat of Charles the Bold by the Swiss as a miraculous punishment on a cruel man. He represents the public opinion of Italy when he rejoices over the vengeance which Cesare Borgia wrought on the lords of the Romagna. After the destruction of the Vitelli he cries out, "Woe to him who is cruel and does not fear God." In like manner Luca Landucci rejoices over the prospect of vengeance seizing Cesare Borgia in his turn. He tells the current story that Cesare poisoned a flask of wine to kill a cardinal and poisoned his father by mistake. "Whether it be true or not God knows," he adds, and then exclaims in triumph, "See what is Cesare's condition now, with so many enemies who will leap upon his back." A little afterwards he rejoices over Cesare's ruin as the just requital of his cruelty.

As Luca hated cruelty, he hated war with all its attendant miseries. In 1483 he writes:—

In these days through fear of hunger and the great war in Lombardy many families departed thence. They passed this way on their journey towards Rome, from fifty to a hundred families together, so that they reached for several miles. Men said that altogether there were more than 30,000 persons. It called forth great pity to see such poverty pass by—a poor donkey with a miserable kettle, a frying-pan, and such like—so that they drew tears from all who saw them go barefooted and in rags. And all this follows from those accursed wars.

He narrates with growing horror the

iniquities of Cesare Borgia's troop when they entered the Florentine territories in 1501. "They behaved like Turks, and set every place on fire;" they slaughtered men and women; they showed themselves "as bad as, nay, worse than, the devil in hell." Every day brought the news of some new outrage. All this seems to Luca's mind the result of incredible folly and wickedness.

Princes and lords, instead of healing the rents and increasing the borders of Christ's Church, ruin it by their ambition. There ought to be union of all Christians against the infidels, and willingness to die for the faith of Christ. At present all are engaged in shedding the blood of Christians against all rule of love and heaping miseries on the poor and afflicted peoples of Italy. God be always praised and blessed.

Again, with fine irony, he sums up the results of war and the prizes of military ambition:—

To avenge their passions they have driven to beggary hundreds of peasants, and have avenged themselves on those who never wronged them, like vile men who fear not the hand of the Lord, nor know that He is great and that He is near them.

But though Landucci had a horror of war, he was not the less a critic of warfare. He lived through the period which saw the downfall of the military system of Italy. The method of hiring *condottieri* generals and committing to their hands the conduct of affairs had, no doubt, some disadvantages, but at least did not err on the side of cruelty. Campaigns were conducted like parades. There was much manœuvring; but the two generals understood one another, and did not want to come to blows if they could avoid it. When a battle was fought, it was conducted on gentlemanlike principles. When the two armies came together, everything was decided by the first shock, and those who were slain owed their death to being trampled on by the undue haste of their comrades to run away. Prisoners were held to ransom, and the defeated army was rendered useless because it had thrown away its weapons. This system was kindly, but was often a little irritating to those who had to find the supplies. Their money was spent in elaborate manœuvres which resulted in nothing, and the Florentine burgher was often somewhat impatient for more decisive measures. In 1478 Luca Landucci writes bitterly: "The order of our Italian soldiers is this. 'You set to work and plunder on



that side, and we will plunder on this; the business of coming to too close quarters is not for us.' They allow a castle to be bombarded for many days, and never send to relieve it. Some day the strangers from beyond the Alps must come and teach us how to make war." The prophecy was soon enough fulfilled. Landucci had seen only too clearly the inevitable result of the military incompetence of Italy. The French came, and taught them lessons of a sterner sort. Charles VIII. made a triumphal march through Italy; but his soldiers gave the Italians a few examples of foreign warfare. Landucci did not like their teaching when he saw it close at hand. He calls the French "bestial barbarians, who delight to dabble in human blood." He saw his countrymen only too ready to learn their savagery. As early as 1495 he records how the Florentines captured seventy Frenchmen who were fighting on the side of the Pisans at Ponte di Sacco. "And our men, as though they were not Italians but barbarians, and had learned from them, because they hated them on many grounds, amused themselves by cutting them in pieces." Later on Luca saw with delight the revival of the citizen militia according to the plan of Machiavelli. He rejoiced in the parade of the new levies in 1505, and considered the tailoring arrangements to be excellent. He computed that Florence could raise many thousands of soldiers and need no longer employ foreigners. "It was reckoned the finest thing that had ever been ordained in the city of Florence." But when the Florentine militia was sorely needed against the Spaniards in 1512 it was not of much use. The capture of Prato after two days' siege was a blow to all his expectations. "It seems that it must have been through God's permission that our chiefs acted so slowly, since we had eighteen thousand soldiers, which was more than our enemies. We might have cut off their supplies, so that they would have died of hunger in three or four days. These things are for our sins." The pathos of Italy's ruin becomes more intense when we read the simple criticism of one who lived through the period of the decay of that individual courage and energy on which the greatness of a country must ultimately depend.

Though Landucci was a man of peace, he desired to see his country well defended and respected by her enemies. The cowardice displayed in resisting Cesare Borgia filled him with shame. In 1501 he writes: "Never was such a simple and

wicked thing done as to leave our country to be ravaged. It is a disgrace to be a Florentine and have to make an agreement with one who is not worth three farthings." "Florence was full of sadness, and it seemed as if one was drowning in a glass of water." "It seemed as if the Florentines had their bowels in a basin. All their neighbors laughed at the Florentines." Nor was Landucci only in favor of defensive wars; he was most eager for the recovery of the rebellious Pisa. Like a loyal Florentine, he believed in the righteousness of his own city and the unrighteousness of every one else. "God has always helped us because our wars are lawful, not like those of the ambitious and jealous Venetians." His kindly spirit and his patriotism came into collision, and patriotism won the day. He regarded patriotism as the highest virtue in a Florentine and the most perverse obstinacy in all others. The national feeling of the middle classes at all times is simply expressed in Luca's comment on the following striking episode in the Pisan war:—

In these days Pisa was straitly besieged and was hard pressed. Every day one heard stories of their obstinacy—this among the rest. A woman of Pisa came with her two children to the Florentine Commissary, saying that she was dying of hunger and had left in Pisa her mother, who was well-nigh hungered. The Commissary ordered that bread be given her for herself, and her mother, and her children. Returning with the loaves to Pisa, she told her mother that all was well. The old woman, seeing the white bread, said, "What bread is this?" The daughter answered that she got it outside from the Florentines. Then she cried, "Away with the bread of the accursed Florentines; I had rather die of hunger;" and she would not eat it. Think what hatred the poor folk bore to our city, finding themselves, through no fault of theirs, in such bad straits. O, how great a sin it is to set wars on foot! Woe to him who causes them! God pardon us, although this enterprise of ours has been lawfully undertaken. Think what a sin it is for him who undertakes it unlawfully!

It follows from such views as these that Luca Landucci was a good citizen, and believed that his own government was always in the right. He disliked the struggles of factions and parties. "I am without any passions of party or form of government," he says, "and only desire the will of God." He records sadly the violence of party strife in Italian cities. "Thus do those accursed parties behave who fear not God, and think that they have to live forever, and that they are

those who have to inherit the world." Luca was not a politician. He accepted the political changes of Florence without much comment. If things went well, he exclaimed, "Praise be to God;" if they went ill, he reflected, "These things are because of our sins." In no case does he show any desire to strive and mend matters. Politics are beyond him. He has his opinions, his sympathies, his likes and dislikes, but they soon pass away. Luca represents the large class that is satisfied to be governed, and does not wish to govern. His belief in particular forms of government is not great. He trusts in men rather than in mechanism, and demands that the government, whatever it may be, should keep Florence at peace and make her respected. He saw the failure of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and was only impressed by the disturbance which it caused in the city and the state of terror which followed. He endured without comment the papal excommunication and the war which followed. He admired Lorenzo de' Medici's adventurous journey to Naples, and rejoiced over the peace which followed. He enjoyed contentedly the glories of Lorenzo's rule, but had no special feeling when Piero de' Medici was expelled in 1494. The only sentiment which he expresses is one of pity for Piero's brother, the Cardinal Giovanni, and in his case the pity was purely personal. "The poor Cardinal," he says, "remained in the house, and I saw him at his window kneeling with clasped hands, commending himself to God. When I saw him I was sorry, and judged that he was a good youth and of a good mind." He was impressed by the unanimity of the people after the expulsion of Piero. "The cry was raised, '*Popolo e libertà!*' and in less than half an hour all the city was in arms, great and small running to the Piazza with such readiness that never was such union seen before. I believe that if all the world had come, it would not have been able to break such union. Thus the Lord allowed that trial should be made of this people in this time of peril from the French." Luca trusted to the revived republic, and saw it reconstructed on the model of Venice in 1495. "It seems to every one who wishes to live well and without passion the most worthy government that Florence has ever had." In 1502 he welcomed with equal pleasure the appointment of a gonfaloniere for life, and records the election of Piero Soderini. "How worthily was he chosen for this dignity, how well did the great

Council judge! Truly this deed was from God." In 1512 he is content that Piero Soderino should make way for a Medicean restoration; "peacefully, according to agreement, because he said he did not wish to be a stumbling-block to his people, and that he was content with all that came from the will of God; and soon afterwards he went away." Many thought that the liberty of Florence was worth fighting for, and that Soderini let it go too easily. Landucci does not enter into these considerations of the higher politics. He found himself in his own age called upon to take a part in affairs, and he did not like it. "On December 20, 1512, they began in the Palazzo to choose those eligible for office; and I also went, since some of my friends wished it, with little will on my part, but to please the Signori. Praise be to God." Luca did his duty, but did it with a sigh. Governments changed, and he submitted himself to the powers that were. As we read Luca's account of affairs, we feel why it is that men like him, representatives of the contented middle classes, are rarely of any weight in politics. It interests us to know how Luca Landucci thought and felt; and doubtless he represented a great number of the citizens of Florence. Their ideas were excellent; their attitude towards life was all that could be wished; their moral sentiments were directed towards the greatest good of the greatest number. But they were powerless to influence affairs; they had no policy which they wished to enforce. Wise, gentle, cultivated as they might be, they could not arrest corruption in high places. The public opinion which they expressed never made its voice heard in actual conflict. As we read Luca Landucci's diary, we love and respect him as a man, we are interested at the light he throws on social life by the pictures of actual fact which he presents to our view. But any reader must be driven to admit that the villainous intrigues disclosed to us by dismal State papers and the records of tedious diplomacy show us the motive power which determined events, while the public opinion of the Florentine citizen was entirely powerless.

## II.

WE have considered the character and opinions of Luca Landucci as illustrating the ordinary Florentine citizen. Let us turn to the consideration of his importance as an authority for Florentine history. About actual facts he has not much

to tell us that is absolutely new; but he makes our previous knowledge more vivid and more real. The scenes pass before our eyes in his homely narrative and are brought close to ourselves. He gives us those little touches of personal description for want of which more elaborate pictures leave our imagination cold and unmoved.

We understand the intensity of Florentine feeling after the conspiracy of the Pazzi when we read his account of the behavior of the youth of the city. They disinterred the corpse of Jacopo de' Pazzi, who had been executed, and dragged it through the streets by the hangman's rope, which still remained round the neck. They tied the dead man's body to the knocker of his own door, and cried to those within, "Open to the master." Then they threw the corpse into the Arno, and sang a ribald song whose burden was "Messer Jacopo giù per Arno se ne va." "And this," says Luca, "was held for a wondrous thing; first, because youths generally are afraid of the dead, and next, because the corpse stank so that one could not go near it. All the folk of Florence flocked to the bridges to see the body pass, and down towards Brozzi some boys dragged it out of the water, and tied it to a willow, and beat it with sticks, and then threw it into the Arno again."

No less vivid is the account of the entry of Charles VIII. and the French into Florence. "You may think that all Florence was in the church and outside. Every one shouted, small and great, old and young, all with a true heart and without flattery. When the folk saw the king on foot his fame was a little diminished, for he was indeed a very small man." But when in a few days Charles VIII. spoke of the return of the Medici, popular feeling changed. "They had no fear of the king, and it was plain that a great enmity had sprung up between the citizens and this Piero de' Medici; whence it springs, the Lord knows." The Florentines were filled with suspicion, but it was silent, and needed no words to express it. Charles VIII. rode to the church of San Felice to see the festa, but did not enter. "Many said that he was afraid, and this showed that he had greater fear than we had—woe to him if he were to begin, though it would be also to our great danger." The Florentines were filled with terrible anxiety, which reached its height on November 24. "It was said that the king was going to dine in the Palazzo with the Signoria, and caused all the arms to be taken out of the Palazzo, and himself intended

to go with many armed men, whence all the people were filled with suspicion. Each man made haste to fill his house with bread and arms and stores and to strengthen his house as much as he could, each man intending to die with arms in his hand, and to slaughter every Frenchman, if need were, in the manner of the Sicilian Vespers. Such was the fear, that about dinner-hour a cry was raised, 'Shut, shut,' and all Florence shut its doors, every man fleeing without any other reason, and on asking the cause no one knew. Whence the king did not go to dine at the Palazzo. It was the will of Heaven that such suspicion grew on every side, because it was the reason why the French changed their evil will towards us." Next day the French kept strict watch day and night, and took away the arms of all who were found in the streets at night, not before many of them fell beneath the Florentine daggers. On the following day Charles VIII. signed an agreement with the Florentines and hastened to leave the city. From that time forward the Frenchmen are called by Landucci "bestial," and his pages are full of their misdoings. His narrative of their doings in Italy ends with the following dramatic account of the punishment which their cruelty called down upon their heads in January, 1504:—

And in these cold days many Frenchmen, who could manage to escape, fled from Naples naked and clothless, and many of them died in the territory of Rome through cold and hunger, for they found none to help them through the cruelty which they had shown in putting cities to the sword and sacking everything. Through God's permission they died in Rome among dung-heaps, which they entered to escape from the cold. If the Pope had not had four or five hundred jackets made and given to them, and had not supplied them with money and put them on galleys to convey them to France, they would all have died. As it was, more than five hundred died of cold; they found them in the morning dead on the dung-heaps. In Rome they entered such houses as they found open, and could not be dragged out; they were beaten with clubs, but refused to move, and said "Kill us." Never was such destruction. And still the King did not send to help them, but had forgotten them. This was the justice of God, since they came to massacre and plunder others. And they are all blasphemers, steeped in every vice, without faith or fear of God.

The most interesting part of Landucci's diary is that which relates to Girolamo Savonarola. The good apothecary makes us feel from day to day the fluctu-

ations of popular opinion concerning him. We realize the steps in his rise and fall. We understand the force of his fervid eloquence, of his zeal for righteousness which swayed the minds of the masses. We trace the course of the inevitable reaction, when Savonarola's efforts to set up a reformed and purified Florence made him an important political personage. We see how his watchful enemies seized on every extravagance which he uttered, and dogged his steps till they had brought him into a false position where his ruin was certain. Much has been written about Savonarola; but nowhere does he stand out more grandly than in the simple record of Landucci.

It is an error to regard Savonarola as an exceptional figure in Italian history. There were many famous preachers amongst the Italians who worked great results by their earnestness; Bernardino of Siena and Capistrano had both of them moved Italy within the century. And there were many other preachers and wonder-workers of lesser note. Landucci records in 1478, "There came a hermit and preached and threatened many misfortunes. He was a youth of twenty-four, barefooted, with a wallet on his back; and said that St. John and the angel Raphael had appeared to him. One morning he mounted the balcony of the Signori to preach, and the magistrates sent him away. And such-like things happened every day." In 1483 Landucci narrates the death of a friar at Faenza, who was said to work miracles. But he did not give much credit to these stories. "Every day such things were told; one day there was an apparition in a river and next day in a mountain; and some one spoke to a lady who was the Virgin. I mention this because the world was uplifted to expect great things from God."

In this excited state of public feeling Savonarola appeared and grew famous by his preaching. His predictions of coming calamity were fulfilled by the French invasion, during which his resolute bearing greatly increased his repute. "In these days men in Florence and throughout all Italy thought that he was a prophet and a man of holy life." When the French left Florence on November 28, 1494, Savonarola was almost supreme. He proclaimed a religious procession on December 8, to obtain the divine guidance for the city. "It was a very wondrous procession of a great number of men and women of the highest repute, all carried on with entire order and perfect obedi-

ence to the frate. Such devotion was shown as will perhaps never be seen again." On December 14, Savonarola began to preach "that Florence should take a good form of government." "He always favored the people," says Landucci, "and always declared that there should be no blood-shedding, but other kinds of punishment." On December 21 "he preached only about the constitution, and men were all afraid and did not agree. One wanted roast, another boiled; one went with frate, another went against him. Had it not been for this Frate blood would have been shed." On December 28 Landucci computes that the auditors of Savonarola numbered thirteen or fourteen thousand persons. But so early as January 11, 1495, Savonarola had to defend himself in the pulpit. Letters purporting to come from him and to seek a Medicean restoration were forged and disseminated. "But all this was false, for the frate held with the people." On January 17, "many citizens began to be scandalized against the frate, saying, 'This wretched friar will bring us to a bad end.'"

Still, in spite of evil prophecies, Savonarola's influence grew. On April 1 he preached and testified that "the Virgin Mary had revealed to him how the city of Florence had to be more glorious and more wealthy than she had ever been before, but after many troubles; this he promised absolutely. And he said all these things as a prophet, and the greater part of the people believed him, especially those who were free from party passion." There were many sermons and many processions, in which the image of the Virgin in Santa Maria Impruneta was carried through the streets. Finally the popular party prevailed, and Savonarola's views of a perfect constitution were adopted by the city, which elected, on June 7, a Consiglio Grande. Immediately after this triumph of his policy, Savonarola went to meet Charles VIII. on his return from Naples, and told him that God willed he should favor Florence. "Such was the esteem and devotion towards the frate that there were many men and women who, if he had said to them 'Go into the fire,' would have obeyed him." But no practical results followed from the interview of Savonarola with the French king. Pisa was not restored to Florence, and the enemies of the frate said, "There, believe in your frate who says that he has Pisa in his hand."

The league against France was joined

by all the Italian powers except Florence, which, through fear of a restoration of the Medici, held by its alliance with France, and built the "Sala Grande" in the Palazzo Pubblico to accommodate its new council, and be a sign of its determination to keep its popular constitution. But France did not restore Pisa, and the disappointment increased the number of Savonarola's enemies. In January, 1495, "men went by night round San Marco, crying out reproaches, 'This hog of a friar should be burnt in his house,' and such like; and some wished to set fire to San Marco." But still the moral influence of Savonarola was powerful. Boys were formed into guilds for the promotion of morality. Loungers in the streets and gamblers fled when they heard the cry, "Here come the boys of the frate." Profligacy and vice were driven to lurk in darkness. "It was a holy time," says Landucci, "but it was short. The evil have been more powerful than the good. God be praised that I saw this short time of holiness. I pray God that he would restore to us that holy and shamefast life." The carnival of 1496 marked the highest point of Savonarola's moral reform. Rude joking was laid aside. Religious processions took the place of the ribaldry to which Lorenzo de' Medici had accustomed the Florentine people. The youth of Florence sang lauds in the streets, bearing olive-branches in their hands. "We seemed to see the crowds of Jerusalem who accompanied Christ on Palm Sunday crying, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' And well could one recall the words of Scripture, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' There were reckoned six thousand youths or more, all between the ages of six and sixteen. I saw these things and felt much pleasure, and some of my sons were amongst those blessed and shamefast bands." Special banks of seats were erected in the Duomo for these children, who were trained into a choir. "They sang with such sweetness that every one wept, and chiefly those of good intent, saying, 'This thing is from the Lord.' And note the wonder, that one could not keep any boy in bed the mornings that the frate preached. All ran before their mothers to the preaching. Truly the church was filled with angels." Landucci draws a beautiful picture of the power of moral earnestness working on the conscience of a people which had been awakened by calamity. But the anomalous

position of Florence in Italian politics was difficult to maintain. The powers of Italy were bent on severing the last tie between France and Italy, and the attitude of Florence was felt to depend entirely on the influence of Savonarola. Accusations of treachery were preferred against him. "The poor frate has so many enemies," exclaims Landucci piteously. How he himself bears witness to the truth of this may be shown on a future occasion.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### A DANCING EPIDEMIC.

IN this country, the tarantella is only known as one of those coquettish dances introduced on the stage from Italy; and in its native land, as a dance performed by the peasant girls to the accompaniment of the tambourine. But if this were all that the name recalls, it would scarcely be worthy of more than a passing notice, except by those who are devoted to the terpsichorean art. Connected as is the tarantella with one of the strangest epidemics, the dancing madness, formerly believed to have resulted from the bite of the tarantula spider, it offers us many points of interest, not only as a medical study, but also as an episode in philosophical history.

As the ancients had their Orpheus, who, by his musical powers, was said to be able to enchant not only living creatures, but even stocks and stones, so have the Italians, or rather they had, their tarantella fable, concerning a madness whose victims danced to the sound of music until they fell exhausted, and then—danced again. The disease is known as tarantism, and is conveniently classed with that peculiar nervous affection commonly called St. Vitus's dance.

The historian of civilization and of the inner life of the human race is often called aside to speculate on the origin of diseases whose birth is involved in obscurity, and which only come before the observer when they have attained their full strength, or when they have gained complete ascendancy over men's minds and bodies. Italy in the early Middle Ages has been the theatre of many terrible epidemics. The Crusaders, for example, brought the Eastern plague; and between 1119 and 1340, no fewer than sixteen visitations of that fearful malady are recorded. The misery resulting therefrom was heart-breaking, the victims countless; scarcely



did the country seem to recover from one attack, when another came and overwhelmed it. It appeared as if the Italians were to be wiped off the face of the earth. To all these must be reckoned those political diseases, wars, rebellions, conspiracies, murders, consequent on the jealousies or ambition of the various petty states into which the peninsula was divided. Then in 1348, as if these disasters were not enough, came the dreaded black death; and after that, a famine. These fearful scourges doubtless troubled men's minds, working up their nerves to an unhealthy pitch, and these not the nerves of a phlegmatic northern race, but of those excitable children of the sun, the people of southern Italy. Always a finely-strung race, and at this time involved in gross ignorance and superstition, they were just ripe for a nervous epidemic.

All history is full of the great events which the smallest, the most trivial circumstance may call forth. Though the exact circumstances under which this epidemic arose are involved in mystery, yet we may probably safely assume that they were in some way or other connected with a common earth-spider, the tarantula. Even strong-nerved people do not, as a rule, willingly handle an earth-spider; whilst finely-strung individuals would think of such a proceeding with the utmost horror. It does not require a very lively imagination to conceive that some excitable Italian, believing his people given over to the sword of Azrael, the angel of death, might innocently enough take the lead in this nervous epidemic, for which a whole nation was ripe. Perhaps accidentally bitten by one of these loathsome spiders, he would work himself up to such a pitch that he would think himself poisoned. Though the bite itself might not be dangerous—and indeed modern research has shown that it is not—yet the dread of the unknown after-effects would make it dangerous in the extreme. We may probably—as most of the victims of this epidemic were women—safely assume that this first bitten individual was an hysterical female, and then we have all the preliminaries necessary for the explanation of the origin of the disease. When this hysterical female was bitten, imagination would perform the rest; it would play the principal rôle, and it would make the disease epidemic.

The earliest mention of tarantism is found in the works of Nicolas Perotti, who died in 1480. It appeared first in

Apulia, and at the time of this author, seems to have fairly well established itself as a disease in that province. It is spoken of as having been produced by the bite of the wolf-spider, an earth species of light-brown color, with black stripes, known to science as the *Lycosa tarantula Apulica*. This creature is found generally distributed throughout Italy and Spain; and many an old traveller has told wonderful stories of the effect of its bite, which was accredited as poisonous. The part bitten, according to the common belief, became swollen, and smarted; the victim became low-spirited, trembled, and was anxious; he was troubled with nausea, giddiness, and at length fell down in a swoon. All exterior circumstances powerfully affected him; he was easily excited to frenzy or depressed to melancholy, and behaved generally as an hysterical subject would do. The strangest effect, or rather supposed effect, of the bite was the behavior of the patient at the sound of music; for he immediately rose and danced as madly as do the wicked people in the fairy-tale at the sound of the hero's enchanted pipe. However the patient may have been affected at the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into a swoon—the result of nervous exhaustion—from which music and music only could relieve him; but neither music nor any other remedy could permanently cure him.

Poisonous spiders were supposed by the ancients to have been common enough; but they do not seem to have recorded the supposed effects of their bite. In fact, they appear to have reserved them as *dei ex machinâ* to bring about the dénouement of a much involved popular tale. The absence, however, of particular descriptions of the disease called tarantism will not furnish us with proofs either one way or the other as to its existence or non-existence; for, in early times, all those who suffered from strange or little understood mental or nervous diseases were roughly classed together as unfortunates suffering from the touch of Satan. Hence, in the fifteenth century, we suddenly come upon a full description of tarantism as a common and widely spread disease. In the next century, Fracastro, a celebrated physician, relates that his steward having been bitten in the neck by the tarantula or some other creature, fell down in a deathlike stupor; but when he gave him the remedies then in vogue for plague and hydrophobia, he recovered.

Meanwhile, tarantismus passed the boundaries of Apulia; and shortly afterwards there was scarcely a corner of Italy where it was not too well known. As it spread, it obtained more believers; and the more credence it obtained, the more victims it attacked. This alone would tend to prove that the disease depended greatly for its existence on the power of the imagination. Everywhere, as we suppose, it was the hysterical temperaments which suffered, for dull, heavy louts are rarely subject to affections of the nerves.

Of course, ordinary medical treatment failed to touch the disease; and this of itself would tend to exaggerate its power and frequency. Nothing brought relief but lively dance-music, and of this the old tunes "La Pastorale" and "La Tarantola" were the most efficacious; the former for phlegmatic, the latter for excitable temperaments. When these tunes were played with correctness and taste, the effect was magical. The tarantanti danced energetically until they fell down exhausted. Old and young, male and female, healthy and infirm, began dancing like machines worked by steam. Old writers would have us believe that even old cripples threw away their crutches and danced with the best. Hysterical females were the principal victims. Other ailments were forgotten, propriety of time and place ignored, and, soul and body, they delivered themselves up to this dancing frenzy. They shrieked, they wept, they laughed, they sang, all the time dancing like bacchantes or furies, till at last they fell down bathed in perspiration and utterly helpless. If the music continued, they at length arose and danced again, until once more they fell prostrate. These fits seem to have continued two or three days, sometimes four, or even six, for the relief seems to have been in direct ratio to the amount lost by perspiration. When the tarantant had by this means recovered, he or she remained free from the disease until the approach of the warm weather of the next year, and then was again relieved in the same manner. Once a tarantant, however, always a tarantant; one woman is mentioned as being subject to these attacks for thirty summers.

We have described the commoner symptoms of tarantismus. Sometimes, however, the effects of the disease were ludicrous or curious enough. Black or sombre colors were generally obnoxious,

producing extreme melancholia; whilst scarlet or green, and occasionally blue, was much liked. When a person was under the influence of the paroxysm, and an object of the favorite color approached, the tarantant rushed to it, fondled it, kissed it, embraced it, whether it was a human being or an inanimate object. The patient was, in fact, entirely given up to a love-frenzy for this object, which was sometimes, as may be supposed, inconvenient enough; and yet nothing but physical impossibility could prevent these results. On the contrary, objects of the hated colors produced extreme melancholy; and not unfrequently brought on stupor. Some tarantanti affected churchyards and cemeteries; others were fascinated by the passing-bell. Another class conceived a passion for the sea, and would rush into its waves; whilst others of these water-lovers would carry about with them a glassful of the brilliant liquid, and would strive to the utmost not to spill the smallest drop, even when dancing; while, if they did not succeed in this gymnastic feat, they were seized with melancholy.

It was at length quite a profession to travel through the country in the early summer to cure the tarantanti. A pipe, a tambourine, and a knowledge of the favorite dance-tunes were all that was necessary. When the musicians arrived at a town or village, a fête, known as the women's *carnavaletta*, was held. Everybody hastened down to the spot where the dancing was going on, and the mere sight of this frequently so excited the spectators, that those who had never been suspected of tarantismus, would suddenly join in the proceedings and become tarantanti for life. And thus this epidemic went on increasing, until few persons could claim to be entirely exempt, and Italy seemed in danger of becoming a nation of frenzied hysterical dancers. But though the symptoms were distressing and marked enough while they lasted, yet the disease was harmless enough on the whole, for it is supposed that the mortality resulting therefrom never exceeded one in five hundred.

It was in the seventeenth century that the tarantismus epidemic reached its fullest development and its greatest extension, and then, as if by magic, it went out of fashion, as suddenly as a piece of millinery; for there is a fashion in disease as well as in the cut of a garment. No one was attacked; people wondered that such things had been possible; and they won-

dered still more that they themselves had taken part in them. So thorough was the change in this respect, that, in the eighteenth century, doctors began to express doubts as to whether the disease had ever existed; and in our own days the name tarantella scarcely calls up an idea, except as connected with the coquettish dance of the peasant girl in her picturesque Italian costume to the accompaniment of the tambourine. Nor was it in Italy alone where this dancing madness found its votaries, for even the stolid German at one time gave way to it.

From the description, it will be seen that tarantismus was a peculiar and hysterical development of the disease known as St. Vitus's dance; for, as might be expected, so far as the tarantula spider is concerned, the whole belief is a myth, an old wives' fable. Though it may not be pleasant to be bitten by one of these creatures, yet it is comforting to learn that at least the bite is no more noisome than that of the ordinary spider. We must therefore look for the origin of the disease in the state of the nerves. In an excitable, nervous temperament, worked to the highest pitch by brooding over diseases which had cut men down like grass before the mower's scythe, a trivial circumstance, such as the bite of an insect, may have an important result. It only requires a number of nervous, hysterical individuals to be in sympathy one with another to produce ridiculous results; then if, during the frenzy, one of these finds himself bitten or stung by some noisome creature, all the others immediately assume that they too are bitten or stung; community of suffering must have a common cause, say they.

It is probable that practical modern men and women will at once say: "Oh, this is all a myth; tarantismus never did exist—or we should see examples of it to-day." But is the disease unknown to the modern practitioner? Surely not. It is unfrequent, it is true; but several cases have been reported in the medical literature of the day; and the leaping ague of the Scotch is certainly a similar disease. The more healthy accompaniments of modern life and our greater knowledge naturally have a tendency to prevent such epidemics attaining such a power as did tarantismus; but for all that, the subject is worthy our notice. Perhaps the dancing or jumping, the quivering or quaking, which occurs during the worship of some of our religious communities, Christian as well as heathen, may be more

nearly connected with tarantismus than is generally supposed. The excitement is there, and excitement is contagious.

From The Spectator.

#### THE CLERICAL CASTE IN SCOTLAND.

THE deaths, a short time ago, of such prominent leaders of the Free Church of Scotland as Dr. Begg and Sir Henry Moncreiff must have suggested this, among many questions, Is it not the clerical rather than the aristocratic caste that really governs, and long has governed, the Scotch democracy? Dr. Begg belonged to the class familiarly and affectionately known in the north as "sons of the manse." Although Sir Henry Moncreiff was only the grandson of the manse, his father having been an eminent judge, the bluest clerical blood in Scotland flowed in his veins. His grandfather, popularly known as "Sir Harry," was in his time recognized as the stoutest advocate of the special doctrines of Andrew Melville; spiritual independence viewed as an ecclesiastical dogma, rather than as a party rallying-cry, is less identified with the name of Chalmers than with his. The late leader of Free-Church conservatism was the seventh member and the third baronet of his house who has devoted himself to the work of the Presbyterian ministry. His father and his brother, whose successful legal careers seem, at first sight, inroads upon the Moncreiff clerical tradition, belong to the order of laymen—laymen in the popular sense, not the academic—who are more ecclesiastical than ecclesiastics themselves. The elder judge played a great part in the "ten years' conflict" that led to the formation of the Free Church; the younger has long exercised a guiding influence in that Church, which has now reached middle age. So far as appearances show, too, the leadership of the Free Church is likely to remain with this caste. Principal Rainy, the successor both of Cunningham and Candlish, and whom the deaths of Dr. Begg and Sir Henry Moncreiff have left without a rival for the leadership of the Assembly of his denomination, is a grandson of the manse. Dr. Robertson Smith, who led the New Learning or young Free-Church Party till he was ejected from his chair, and Professor Candlish, who has taken his place, are sons of the manse. The influence of the clerical caste in Scotland is not confined

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to the Free Church. Probably no names of clergymen of the present-day Church of Scotland are better known on this side of the Tweed than those of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch, and Dr. Herbert Story, the biographer of "Cardinal" Carstairs; all three are sons of the manse. Broad-Churchism in the second of the Dissenting bodies of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church, suggests the names of two clergymen, also clergymen's sons, Mr. George Gilfillan and Mr. David Macrae. Nor is it in the Church alone that the son of the manse attains a position of eminence or leadership. The present lord-advocate and solicitor-general, at once the chief Scotch officers of the crown and the leaders of the Scotch Commons in Parliament, are sons of ministers of the Church of Scotland. So is the lord president of the Court of Session, the first judge in Scotland. So are some of his colleagues; of the second judge, the lord justice-clerk, it is enough to say that he is the brother of Sir Henry Moncreiff. So is the representative of Scotland in the Court of Appeal, who also held the office of the lord-advocate before his appointment. The legal power in Scotland, which at one time was firmly lodged in such old families as the Hopes, the Boyles, and the Dundases, would almost seem to have passed into the hands of the sons of the manse.

The influence of the clerical caste in Scotland is not an affair of to-day, though, perhaps, it never was so marked or so widely extended as it is to-day. The Cooks and Hills of a generation or two generations ago were as influential as the Macleods and Tullochs are now; by sheer intellectual force they stormed the best-endowed pulpits, secured the best chairs, and, obtaining the clerkships of the General Assembly, acquired a preponderating share in the government of their Church. There was a grim truth as well as a sly humor in the pun attributed by tradition to the poor licentiate who, finding that his professional fate virtually depended on a member of the ruling clerical family of the time, before whom he had to preach, "gave out" as the first psalm of his service, that beginning, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid." The Free Church is too young a body to have its clerical families; the Moncreiffs belong to the ante-disruption period. But Presbyterian secession boasts, and justly boasts, of its generations of erudite and Evangelical Browns,

that flowered into the delicate humor and pathos of the author of "Rab and his Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming." Even the Scotch Episcopal Church has had its Forbesees; John Skinner, besides giving his country "Tullochgorum," gave his Church two bishops of note. Among Scotch clerical families, that of the Erskines held a remarkable place. Different branches of it figured both in the Church and in the Dissenting bodies, agreeing, however, in holding fast by Evangelical theology; and they were connected by blood with the legal and aristocratic brothers, Thomas and Henry Erskine, who were not only the leaders of the English and Scotch bars in their time, but liberals and reformers before their time. Finally, the Erskines found their way into literature; the subtle spirituality of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen is quite as remarkable a product of Scotch Evangelicalism as the humor and the pathos of John Brown. The sons of the manse of fifty or a hundred years ago did not, perhaps, so distinguish themselves at the bar as they do now, although, to mention one remarkable case of such success, the son of Blair of "The Grave" became lord president of the Court of Session. But they played a prominent part in literature, philosophy, science, in whatever, indeed, gave Scotland a special reputation in their day and generation. Thomas Reid, the true representative, in spite of Hamilton, of the Scottish school of philosophy, was a son of the manse. So was Thomas Brown, the pioneer of Dr. Bain and the cerebro-psychologists of our day. Dugald Stewart, the friend of Burns and preceptor of Russell and Palmerston, was a grandson of the manse. Robertson, the historian, and leader of the moderate party in the Church of Scotland, was the son of a clergyman. Through his niece he gave a little, though all too little, of the tradition and tone of the manse to Henry Brougham. Sir David Brewster was of good clerical blood, and was educated with a view to the Scotch ministry. If the word "adventurer" could by any possibility be used in the proper and honorable and not in the popular and odious sense, we should say that as adventurers the Scotch sons of the manse occupy, and long have occupied, a position of "undoubted paramouncy" among a community which history, and social and even physical conditions have made, to the extent of four-fifths, a nation of adventurers.

The success of the son of the manse is

easily explained. His father is, as a rule, a man of humble origin, who by natural force has made his merits known and rewarded. His grandfather the peasant — of whom the father of the late Dr. Duff may be considered a type — has saved and pinched to make his son a minister, not only that he may help to advance the religion which has proved his own support and solace, but that he may give his successors a position in his country which he has found unattainable by himself. Every Presbyterian minister is, or may be, as Chalmers puts it, "a tribune of the people;" and it costs less to make a son a tribune of the people in Scotland than to make him a barrister or a doctor. "Why did you send me into the Church?" rather querulously asks the Scotch minister of his plebeian father, in the novel, when he finds himself afflicted with theological "doubt." "I saw no other way of making you a gentleman," retorts the peasant, who snorts contemptuously at "doubt," because, like Dryden's "unlettered Christian," he

Believes in gross,  
Plods on to Heaven, and ne'er is at a loss.

The peasant's son, having become "a gentleman," in virtue of a professional position attained by ability, generally marries into a middle-class family; not unfrequently, indeed, he marries the daughter of another clergyman. His wife brings middle-class notions into his household, and instils middle-class ambitions into her children. But as a rule, there is not much luxury in the manse, while there is oftener than not a large family. Its head may be able to command "gentility" when he marries, but seldom a fortune.

He has to pinch himself to educate his sons, while "keeping up appearances" quite as much as his father before him, although on a less humble scale. Like Wallace at Falkirk, he can bring his young men to the ring of the professions; they must do the dancing themselves. But one thing he can do for them; he can see to it that they get the best possible education attainable in their position. To this, therefore, he devotes himself, and as a rule successfully; Scotch ministers may be sometimes bad fathers, but they are almost invariably good "coaches." The sons of the manse, being put on their mettle, being as inevitably adventurers as their fathers, are as industrious as their plebeian rivals, and much more industrious than scions of the well-to-do middle-class; while they have a refinement and a social status that the representatives of their fathers' original class are without, and which always tell in the long run, if other things are equal. The continued ascendancy of a clerical family in Scotland is explained by the fact that while sire may bequeath to son education, natural ability, even standing of a special kind, he cannot, in virtue of his position, bequeath him wealth or power. The one is unattainable in a poor Church; the other is attainable by natural capacity alone in a democratic Church. There is no evidence, on the surface of things, that the clerical caste is on the decline in Scotland. If such evidence could be furnished, it would prove either that the position of a Presbyterian clergyman in the north is no longer what it was, or that the peasant's ideal of power, from being a moral, has become a material one.

A NUMBER of amateurs at New York, who style themselves "The Book-Fellows' Club," have had printed, by Mr. De Vinne, as their first volume, a dainty edition of Mr. Frederick Locker's "London Lyrics," with an etching of the author, and woodcuts by Mr. Randolph Caldecott and Miss Kate Greenaway. A copy on vellum has been sent to Mr. Locker, who wrote the following lines as an introduction to the volume:—

"Oh! for the poet voice that swells  
To lofty truths or noble curses —  
I only wear the cap and bells,  
And yet some tears are in my verses.  
Softly I trill my sparrow reed,  
Pleased if but one should like the twitter,  
Humbly I lay it down to heed  
A music or a minstrel fitter."